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Looking Forward

TWO THINGS, in this issue,—aside from James Truslow Adams's query about the future of our mass production commercial fabric—stir the imagination and evoke dramatic pictures of life as it soon may be on this planet.

ONE IS THE extraordinary invention shown in Rochester, New York—the new device for setting type by telegraph so that a single typist may put into automatic and simultaneous operation in a thousand widely scattered newspaper offices a thousand linotype machines; thus, in effect, printing from a distance at one stroke the thoughts or actions of men as they are reviewed or expressed. The other is Santos Dumont's completion and test in Brazil of his "Martian transformer," a device weighing two pounds, which permits man to walk great distances with so little fatigue and such an increase in speed as to approach the art of flying as the crow flies.

BOTH THESE machines reinforce the view now widely held that increasing changes by science and machinery are inevitable in our civilization. No matter what different forms of social or industrial control humanity may try in its effort to secure collective happiness in the future, man will never discard the machinery and implements which scientific invention has put in his hands. The old, purely agricultural and trading world is fast altering, never to return. It may be that it is only a temporary condition which permits the industrial city to draw more and more wealth, population and power to itself, at the expense of the rural district. But the machines and implements and newly controlled forces extracted from nature are here for all time.

SUCH QUESTIONS as Mr. Adams raises must some time be settled—possibly soon. When they are, political lines may dim, new states may rise which will be definitely economic in their aims, their thinking, and their structure, constituting a world the like of which men have never seen. But the basic foundation upon which future civilization will rest will inevitably be science and the machine.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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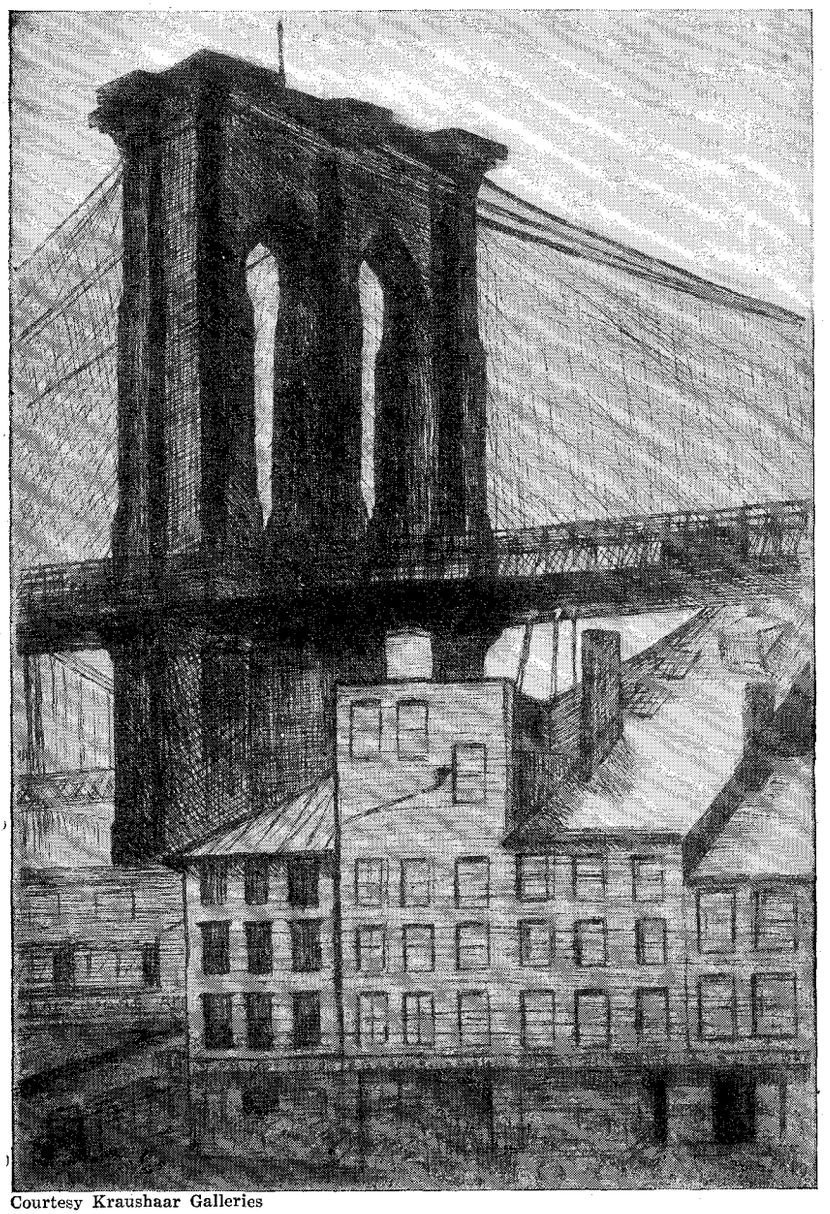

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BROOKLYN BRIDGE
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Outlook
and Independent
December 19, 1928

What Next in America?

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

A revolutionary theory of wages and production has been evolved in America. It is, roughly, that high wages increase consuming power and thus make possible increased production; further, that this perfect circle is capable of unlimited expansion. Its possibilities engage the attention of the world and it seems likely to exert a greater influence on civilization than our prized theory of government. For that reason, and since it is not a time-tested theory, an examination of its workings and its implications should be salutary. Mr. Adams deserted Wall Street some years ago to write histories. He is the author, among other works, of "The Founding of New England," a recent Pulitzer prize winner

FOR THE LAST seven years the world has gazed with amazement at the heights to which prosperity has attained in America. We ourselves have become dizzy in watching it, and the stock market now appears to have become economics in delirium tremens.

Many of us, however, have believed for some time that all was not as golden as it was being made to seem. Some of the points that have troubled us are now becoming matters of public, even official, discussion as in the recent address of the chief statistician of the National Industrial Conference Board. The country, he says, is in the grasp of a "prosperity complex" which has been insidiously built up in the past few years. Prosperity has been largely a state of mind, "an illusion created by extraordinary financial conditions, by exceptional activity in producing certain types of goods, by radical changes in the organization and methods of manufacture, by changes in methods of distribution, and by shifts in living habits." Any one who has kept his head in the recent amazing whirl must acknowledge the truth of this sober statement.

Many fundamental industries, for example, such as agriculture, sugar, rubber, textiles, coal, ship building, railway supplies and, to a considerable extent, transportation, so far from having been prosperous have been notably unprosperous. Both the capital and labor employed in these vast industries have not shared in what has been claimed to be the astounding prosperity of the country as a whole, although owing to competition with the high-wage mass-production industries, labor has fared better than capital.

Even in the industries which are supposed to have been prosperous the illusion has been due to the spectacular rise of certain individual companies. These companies, commanding enormous aggregates of capital, capable of spending unlimited sums for expert staffs in research laboratories for cutting costs and with other resources of modern superhuman business have prospered enormously at the expense of their smaller rivals. The stocks of these great companies are listed on public markets. Their monthly or quarterly reports are "news." We hear of their regular and great increases in earnings. We watch their stocks soar to 200, 300, 400 to be "split up" two or three for one, and the new stocks continue the soaring process until some of them are now selling at from $800 to $2,000 a share for their capitalization of a few years ago.

It is very impressive, but we hear nothing of the fortunes of their smaller competitors, who have been anything but prosperous. I have in mind one moderate sized company which had been prosperous until a couple of years ago. One of the supercompanies decided to manufacture the same product that this company had been making. The smaller company found itself helpless in competition and its business has been lost. But the stocks of these smaller companies are for the most part closely held. They are too small to be speculative footballs, and their reports are not news. The public is not interested in them. Once in a while they acquire a spokesman to tell of their ills and we then learn that even in what have been supposed to be the prosperous lines of industry, prosperity has been strangely limited.

Just as I write this paragraph my attention is called to the prophecy in today's paper by that veteran business observer and prognosticator, John Moody, that we are about to enter on a great period of prosperity, a period in which there will be "a redistribution of prosperity, assuring profits for the small merchant and manufacturer as well as the large corporation." Whatever we may think of this statement it indicates that in the past few years in what the National Administration has been dinning into our ears as the greatest prosperity the world has ever seen, the small men and companies have not been prosperous.

Again, new methods of merchandising have given the illusion of far

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greater prosperity than has in fact existed. Chain stores of all sorts have cut deeply into old methods of retailing. The most important of them have their stocks listed. In the past few years the advance in the prices of these stocks has been phenomenal. We read of the hundreds of millions the companies are earning, and see the hundreds of per cent at which their stocks are selling. But, again, we hear nothing of the literally thousands of small stores which have been closed up by the new competition of these giants. Ask thousands of corner tobacco shops, neighborhood druggists, notion shops and corner grocers if *they* have been prosperous.

To a considerable extent, the public balance sheet of American prosperity has had written on it only the profits and not the losses. No one has wanted to hear anything but prosperity propaganda. America is on a prosperity "jag." As reflected in statistics, the country is no more prosperous in 1928 than it was in 1927 and 1926 and in some respects it is less so, yet the prices of stocks have doubled in the past year. To note a recent casualty, the head of a corporation whose stock was quoted at $3 a share took the trouble to inform the public that there was nothing in the company's condition or prospects to warrant so high a price. The answer of the public was to whirl the price up to $28. A few days ago the stock had to be suddenly stricken from the stock list and given first aid until it could be reinstated. A stock which had never paid a dividend has been selling at over $400 a share. There are plenty of wildly speculative stocks selling to yield less than Liberty bonds. In the past year and more, whenever the market has shown signs of returning sanity by declining, either President Coolidge or Mr. Mellon has issued an optimistic statement in the way of a hypodermic injection and the rise has started again, until now the public has become as wild as the market itself. In November the rise in the market value of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange alone was nearly four and a half billion dollars.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES may be read in the sort of financial advertisements one reads. A short time ago I noted one which invited subscriptions of $10,000,000 for a "holding company." I recognized none of the names of the directors. There was no bank named as depositary. The public was asked to subscribe its ten millions for what was practically a blind pool and to send in the money to an individual named as treasurer. More recently I have seen even worse advertisements, worse because highly reputable names have been attached to them. Whatever we may say of prosperity in other quarters in America, that in Wall Street at present is obviously factitious. It is no longer a problem in economics but in abnormal psychology. We are told that the country is on a permanently altered level of investment return. I recall not many years before the panic of 1907 that the usually silent leader in American finance at that time made the same remark. He said the wild stock market of that day was justified because America was on "a permanent four per cent level." Ten years later I had the privilege, of which I availed myself, of buying United States Government bonds to yield 6%.

However, even if some important industries have not been prosperous, if even in the prosperous industries a considerable proportion of the plants have not shared in the flushness of the time, and if on the whole there has been nothing like the great and diffused prosperity that the ballyhooers would have us believe, nevertheless there is no question that a great deal of money has been made by the American people. Even the most sceptical is staggered by the figures for expenditures, for savings banks and for life insurance. Savings deposits, for example, increased nine and a half million dollars between 1921 and 1927. As for expenditure, it is obvious on all sides.

THAT there should have been a sudden prosperity after the war was to have been expected, as was the temporary slump in 1920 and the continued prosperity afterward. Based on the so much scorned historical parallels, American postwar industry was running true to historical form until about 1926. But American prosperity was not wholly of war manufacture in its totality. There has been behind it also the new theory and practice of high wages and mass production. The theory is ingenious and for a while, at least, the practice has been highly profitable.

The theory, briefly, is that if you raise wages you will increase consuming power among wage earners and thus create new markets. If, for example, we could double wages, it would be equivalent to doubling the market or the population making a market. The theory further holds that you can raise wages without raising, indeed even lowering, the price of the finished products, if you can produce them in enormous quantities so that economies in production will allow for wage advances. To effect these economies, you must produce standardized products, requiring no change in machinery. If instead of twenty sizes, shapes or colors, you produce only one, the saving in many ways is enormous. Theoretically the larger the production, the larger the saving.

RAISING WAGES, when it was tried, did increase the Nation's purchasing power. Sales did increase enormously. Production in certain standardized lines increased so greatly that higher wages could be paid, these higher wages went into more purchasing, and so the "ring around a rosy" continued. It seemed as though we had found a pleasant and profitable way of lifting ourselves by our own boot straps. Engaged in this pursuit for the short space of about seven years, we have been the wonder of the world. People travel from the ends of the earth to look at us, like acrobats in a three-ring circus. We were engaged in building a Utopia where everybody would be rich. If you raised wages, you increased consuming power; if you did that, you increased the mass of production; if you did that, you could so reduce the other-than-labor costs that you could raise wages again. It was marvelous in our eyes. Theoretically we were headed for the point at which wage-earners would be getting unlimitedly big wages for their production and paying infinitesimally small prices for what they consumed. It has been, perhaps, the nearest glimpse of the Promised Land that has ever been vouchsafed to business men.

But troubles appear to be developing. For one thing, though the business men are not much concerned about that, there are whole classes in the population whose incomes cannot be raised proportionately, the "white collar" workers and those not engaged in producing things of a sort capable of mass production—things like poems and pictures and thoughts and theoretical science. These classes, as consumers and even as human beings, are getting out of adjustment with American life because their incomes are not growing appreciably, whereas they have to pay

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to others the wages called for by mass-production competition in the wage-earning classes. Leaving these out of consideration, all has not been going as well as had been hoped among the mass producers themselves. It is true that, as yet, the trouble is to some extent in prospect but it is very real and giving even the mass producers much food for thought.

For one thing, it has been found that as wage earners cannot be made multi-millionaires there is even yet a limit to their buying power. In the old economics we had a theory of a "wage fund" limited in amount. We threw that overboard but now we are confronted by the practical limitation of the "purchasing fund." The increase in wages allowed for a sudden and enormous expansion in buying power; and production advanced by leaps and bounds. People bought everything—motor cars, radio sets, houses, furs, everything they had longed for.

But as the sudden expansion in the "purchasing fund" began to be heavily drawn upon producers found they had to compete to sell their goods. Competition began between rivals in the same line of business. At first it was a question "which motor car is going to get the consumer's money?" The question soon became "which *group*, the motor manufacturers, the radios, the florists, the candymakers are going to get the consumer's money?" All sorts of devices were tried, including partial payment plans. But mass-production began to sense the impending danger. High wages are counted on for buying power but high wages are possible only with mass production in ever increasing amount. High wages are possible only if savings can be effected in other ways and those other ways are made possible only by volume of sales. Hence the American worship of volume.

In the American business world it is as "un-American" and unpatriotic and heretical to whisper the possibility of overproduction as it is to mention earthquakes to Californians or hurricanes to Florida realtors. Nevertheless, the situation that has now arisen is this. The competition to sell these mass-produced goods has become so great that the expense of selling them threatens to overwhelm the economies in producing them. Advertising, high-powered salesmen, branch offices, all sales methods are becoming so rapidly and increasingly and over-whelmingly costly that they threaten to more than offset the economies of producing in mass and so to threaten wages and the market the wages produce. There is not only the question of the size of the "purchasing fund" but the uses to which it will be devoted. There is a limit to the number of cars, radios and so on that people will want. A new industry expands very rapidly and begins to slow down, like the bicycle or sewing machine or piano industries, as the saturation point in demand draws nearer. The competition to sell thus grows greater and the cost of selling.

Mass production in any one line is faced by this dilemma. If it insists on forcing a single standardized product down the throats of a gradually becoming saturated public, it will have to spend more and more in effecting the sales to keep up the volume of its business. There is a point at which this cost will offset the manufacturing economies, and the mass-production theory and practice breaks down at that point. On the other hand, if, as has been tried, sales resistance on the part of the public is lessened by changing the style of the article, by introducing variety of line, color, etc., then again costs go up because machinery has to be altered and in various ways the economies involved in producing the great volume of standardized products are lost.

There would seem to be, therefore, a point beyond which mass production ceases to be profitable in the sense of allowing for continued expansion. There is a point, therefore, in each industry at which wages cannot continue to rise, and a point at which the expanding markets created by wage advances must cease. There is one last alternative, that of finding markets elsewhere, that is, foreign trade. To a certain extent that may be possible as an alleviative measure but in the first place, in foreign trade we meet the competition of low wage countries, and also, if we are going to enlarge our foreign sales, we must increase our foreign purchases.

But our tariff barrier is in the way, quite as much in the way, even if people do not realize it, of selling to the world as in buying from it. These matters are not theoretical. They are practical. Mass-production has reached the parting of the ways, and with mass-production also high wages and our prosperity.

The present situation is a more delicate one than many people appear to realize. We have a general business situation in which not only now but for some time past a considerable number of important industries, such as coal, sugar, rubber, farming, textiles and others, have suffered heavily. We have whole classes in the community who are suffering from maladjustment to the new standard of living. We have, as the supposed backbone of National prosperity, the industries that are based on mass production and those other industries engaged in manufacturing luxuries which have been sold to those who have been sharing, either through wages, dividends or stock speculation in mass-production profits. We have throughout the entire Nation a mass of installment credit estimated at over two and three quarter billion dollars, based on the expectation of continuing wages or profits to pay for every conceivable form of luxury already purchased. We have a stock market which has reached such a point that it has ceased to bear any relation to economic realities and which is based to the extent of nearly seventy-five per cent of its more than six billions of loans on private credits of corporations. The market has thus got beyond the control of the regular banking system and is being largely financed by amateur bankers who may withdraw their funds at any moment for their own purposes or to save themselves.

We have thus a colossal financial and business structure, unprofitable and unhealthy in some of its industrial parts, insanely inflated in others, rickety from overexpanded amateur credit in yet others; all resting on that portion of the business world engaged in making profits through mass-production. And this foundation, this core, so to speak, is itself dependent, to save itself from a crash, on a steady flow of goods from producer to consumer in ever enlarging volume. It itself, however, has been attacked by the cancer of high distribution costs and we are facing the time, different for different industries, when the first great rush to buy some popular new product will have passed and the industry will have to settle down to a more normal and less feverish production based on replacements and increased population.

The consuming power on which mass production has been depending has

(*Please Turn to Page 1380*)

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Moonshiners

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Down in the hill country, a good crop of corn means just one thing—moonshine. And the men who make it are as interesting as the product they distill. Mr. Wilson knows them at close range. His article lifts the curtain from a mysterious and romantic segment of America

I HAVE a friend in the wild woods of southwestern Missouri. His name is Elijah Shrum. In the old days he was a moonshiner. He still is. Lige is a true child of nature, a fellow of stars and destinies. He was raised down on Roark Creek, in a log cabin with great chink holes in it big enough to sling a dog through. After his father had been overhastily hanged for horse stealing, Lige struck out for parts higher up in the hills. There he began hunting for treasure, for Spanish gold mines and bounteous veins of pure silver, which somehow failed to materialize. During this third of a century Lige lived in a cave, or rather in a room-sized cup in a ledge of gray limestone which crops out above Bull Creek. He lived from the untrammeled bounties of nature. He slept on a rick of straw spread over with the fleece of mountain sheep. He ate game, fish, wild fruits and berries, interspersed with an occasional bag of meal and a scoopful of Arbuckle's coffee.

Then one day Lige changed his ways. It may have been that he got the idea that the gods of treasure were against him; or it may have been one of those discomfiting dog-days of middle age. Anyhow, he changed professions. When another spring came Lige took squatter's rights on a deserted up-land farm, borrowed a bull-tongue plow and a lame nag and planted a crop of corn. Next autumn he moved into a cave with an anteroom attached and there became a moonshiner. After a few unfortunate spews, Lige was producing a medium quality of leth-bringer. At first he disposed of it at a dollar a gallon or what have you to those who would come after it. But few came. The trails were rough, meandering rock gullies of a sort that would discourage a mountain goat. Lige installed a delivery business. He would swing a couple of saddle jugs over his horse's withers and ride down-trail to a pre-ordained assemblage point. There he would turn over the paralyzing nectar to other back-trail riders who would carry it on down through ravines to market.

As business began taking turns for the better, storage came to be a serious problem. During the course of a making, Lige could stay with his cave and keep the home fires burning. But a cave is no happy storage place. All the countryside knows its location and there is danger from marauders. Accordingly Mr. Shrum devised a liquor well. He would bury an oak barrel full of it, fill up the excavation to the level of the ground and pile leaves over it. Then he would burn the leaves to ward off the sniffing curiosity of visiting hounds. Then when the cache was cured and disposition time came, he would clear away the covering of flint rock, smash in the head of the keg and draw up the liquor.

ONE DAY while Lige was dipping out the subterranean magic an absent-minded razorback strolled by and tumbled in the paralyzing nectar. Mr. Shrum pulled the pig out, spoke to it at some length about the theories of eternal damnation, and turned the creature loose. Lige figures that this slight deed of kindliness was the first source of his trouble. Next day a husky and plump-jowled passer-along, with all the ear-marks of a cash customer, dropped in and asked for a drink of water. Lige fetched a bucket of fresh cool spring water, but when he turned about he felt a chilling pressure upon the solar plexus. It was the business end of a forty-five Colt. Love of his eternal hills discouraged Lige from making any disparaging comments. He put up his hands and the two of them went down toward the plains country. Lige drew two years in the State penitentiary. When they turned him out he all but injured himself in his fervor to get back into the hills and begin moonshining again.

This time Lige is doing better. He is observing all the fine old traditions of the profession. He is a live-and-let-live producer. Twenty gallons a month he considers a good year-round average and when the corn crop is used up he takes a vacation. On Saturday nights he participates wholeheartedly in the run of moonshiners' merriment.

Of course Lige is but one moonshiner among hundreds, but he is, I believe, somewhat represenative of their romantic race. The other day I journeyed up Bull Creek to visit him. He was slumbering in a bear-skin hammock swung underneath a brace of hackberry trees. Lige's is a place untouched by the ways of a modern world. His cabin is built of logs, hand-hewn and chinked with valley mud; roofed with red-oak clapboards and floored with terra firma. Chunks of lead ore were strewn about the doorway and on the far well seventeen wolf pelts were stretched to dry.

Elijah Shrum is getting up into years. His hair is iron-grey and he is a dark-skinned fellow of medium height, clean-shaven and well-proportioned. His voice is likable and well-modulated and his conversation is nothing short of brilliant. He talked of treasure trails, weather-signs and herb remedies. He showed me his collection of arrow and spearheads gathered in sandy uplands after spring freshets. He told me of his general delight at returning to the hills, spoke forwardly of his imprisonment, slipped a twig of sassafras between his teeth and soliloquized:

"You've heard tell of Cap'n Kinney, I reckon—Cap'n Kinney of the Bald Knobbers? Well, he used to figger that when the law come up in these heah hills the rightful thing to do is jest to wait till they turn round and then plug 'em in the back, right wheah the galluses crosses. I reckon mebbe he warn't so mighty far from right. Take us moonshiners, now. We're a-doin' what we've got a pufect right to do. We raise the cawn, we do the work, we take the risk. Law and gov'ment? Well, I reckon they is all right where folks need 'em. But our reel law heah is ground and weather and crops. Pertection? We don't need pertection. Couldn't get it if we did. Now heah we raise the cawn. Now I'm asking you, what we goin' to do with it? No way of gettin' anything to market cept'n jest licker. Moonshiners—well, they've jest about always been heah and I wouldn't be none surprised but what they always will be heah. Reckilect this too, boy—moonshinin's a man's

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game and they can't jest ever' punkin-roller hold out at it."

We strolled up a hillside. It was a murky summer afternoon. Mist lay along the river and the clouds rested low on the hilltops. We stopped at a flat-rock lookout.

"See them colyumns of smoke?"

I did. Thin blue-gray spirals climbing skywards from the breasts of far-off hills. At one looking I could count five of them.

"Now that's the young fellers. They work out in the open—jest take their fixins back in the bresh, run it off, put it up in kegs, an' let it to season. Yes, you can spot their smoke easy, but trailin' down to them perticuler bresh thickets—that's a reel job, I tell you."

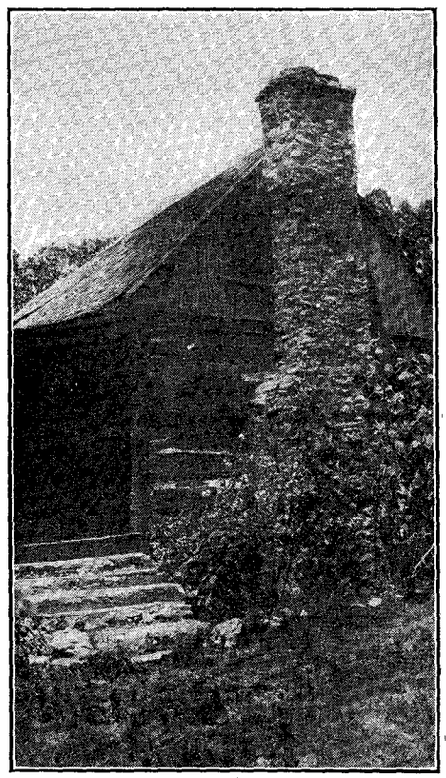
Mr. Shrum blew his nose with a clarion snort and gazed off into infinity.

"But us old fellers stay with the caves. May be habit—may be old man's ways—couldn't jest off-hand say. But jest for instance you take them outcropping ledges over on Bull Creek. They's been moonshinin' in them caves for better'n a hundred year now and whichever was good enough fer them ol' timers—I reckon mebbe I can worry along with it, too."

Lige spoke with veneration for professional tradition, a tradition which age and infamy and sustained poverty could never conquer. Lige was no particular hand to talk shop. His interests were more casually general. He talks of the sun and stars, of God, eternity and crops. He told stories of hill highwaymen and picturesque scoundrels, punctuating the yarns with dates, names and places. His speech had little profanity and few villainies. His eyes twinkled as he talked, and now and then he would take time out to omit soft zephyrs of merriment.

His cabin has not the remotest vestige of things modern. The lone door turns on cedar pegs, his spoons and crockery are whittled out of red cedar; there is no window, no floor. Yet his place is neat and orderly, the foodstuffs appetizing and immaculately clean. Lige commented that he was pining away for something to read. It so happened that I had in my pack a paper-backed edition of Shelley's poems. I gave him the book, and when bed-time came he was still pouring over the beatitudes of Shelley.

During the week that followed we met other moonshiners, and we found them to be a picturesque and high-hearted lot; men of complacent bravado. In personal habits the most of them were inclined toward delicacy and discretion. Their code of ethics, like that of most other isolated hill peoples, appears to embody neighborliness and mighty little besides. Let one of them acquire a distinct suspicion that a newcomer is a "peeker," the moonshiner will very probably exchange howdys with the newcomer, even sit and gab with him, and then the minute the stranger's back is turned, demurely plug him in the back and toss him over a convenient bluff. But moonshiners have very clear-cut ideas of proprieties and neighborliness. They rarely ever quarrel among themselves. Pilferings and robberies in moonshining territory



HIDDEN IN THE SILENT HILLS
A "shiner's" cabin in Taney County, Missouri, somewhat grander than Lige Shrum's

are generally the doings of outside rapscallions. I have never yet heard an old-timer speak disparagingly of another's wares.

"Shiners" practice no secret grips or hand-claspings or thumb-twirling. Their fraternity seems to be of a more genuine and spontaneous ilk, a back-slapping, keg-heaving, hale-fellow-howdy fellowship. They have prevalent and all-valid taboos. Such-and-such a path or such-and-such a cave belong to so-and-so and no one else need tread in or along it. Moonshiners of an upbrush area have their social mixings, traditional and recurrent, Saturday night jamborees, pig roastings, fish fries, pawpaw feasts and set-tos with the cubes of spotted ivory.

My observation has been that the general run of moonshiners are men of moderate habit. To be sure there are instances of moonshiners who degenerate into year-around sots, but these are exceptional. Probably a majority of the gentry are bachelors. Sometimes several members of the same family work conjointly. Moonshining remains still, more a profession than a business. Dollar-dyed commerciality has not yet taken from the calling all that is picturesque. Furthermore, moonshining remains essentially an art of the hills. The great bulk of the hallelujah treckles, which warrant the name moonshine, are made in the hills, stored in the hills, sold in the hills and drunk in the hills. Most moonshiners, too, understand and practice the making of drinkable liquor. And moonshiners remain rough-kept men in rough-kept countries.

In the old days, so the stories go, the hills of Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky held prolific races of moonshining counterfeiters, fellows who supplemented the manufacture of jugged jubilation with making faked greenbacks. There are also innumerable yarns about moonshiners who spent their off-seasons delving after deep-planted deposits of Spanish gold and silver veins, and how, having found the treasures of earth, they would hammer out the bullion into three or four-ounce discs and these they would circulate as dollars, or fractional parts of the intrinsic worth of the metal. Each coin would bear the mark of its maker, a cross or a letter or a sign of some sort to designate its source.

I recently saw some of this blind money which has probably been in circulation well toward a century. They were hammered discs, about as big around as the top of a tea cup and were supposedly silver. I suspected them of being a prevalent galena lead. "Shiner's gold" I have heard of but have never seen. Considerable quantities of the counterfeit currency are still going about in the backhills, most of it crude, half-literate imitations of a kind which could be circulated only among a people unlettered and habitually moneyless.

The other day a family of woodcutters told me about an old codger who had paid them with "orry" dollars. I

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didn't catch on. So they showed me one of the coins, a lead colored disc upon the face of which had been scratched the figure of an arrow. They told me that dozens of these "dollars" had been in local circulation for close on to two generations for the simple reason that the uplanders thereabouts were so "dead shore that Uncle Jess Reed would put a dollar's worth of silver in ary one of 'em that they'd just as lief have them slugs as store money."

But apparently the race of moonshiners rather consistently abstains from the crasser banditries. In repeated instances moonshiners and cattle rustlers have been traditional enemies. In the horse-thieving days of northern Arkansas and southern Missouri the shiners were point-blank enemies of the horse stealers. Again, back in the early 'eighties, when the hill country of southern Missouri became infested with a virulent genus of up-country kluxers, known as "Bald Knobbers," the moonshiners stood squarely against them; and although the Knobbers went after the "shiners" with all the pious zeal of thirty-seven Israelites after a Hittite, the Bald Knobbers have come to be only a people of fireside yarns while the moonshiners remain, numerous as ever.

FRATERNALISM among moonshiners has teeth to it. When one brother draws an undue proportion of strafing the oppressor had well be looking toward his last will and testament. This anecdote of the wilds of Marion County, Arkansas, may serve to demonstrate. One day a stranger came into the countryside, a youngish fellow still in his twenties. He gave no name, no family. The men folks pondered but the farm wives and their daughters agreed by backyard consensus that the newcomer was a likely lad. "Likely," in backhill parlance, has a dual connotation—lovable and good-looking. The likely one settled in an abandoned hillside cabin, did a few weeks of woodchopping, then struck out higher up into the hills where he went into prolonged hibernation. When he came down again, he was wondrously dolled out in stiffish new overalls, blue-speckled shirt and store-bought shoes. Knowing folk had their suspicions, still the lad stayed about, went to square-dances, played the Jew's harp at barn warmings and, all considered, there was no denying that among other accomplishments he had a knack for winning hearts. Other swains of the neighborhood were a long way from pleased about it; two in particular begrudged the competition, there were nudgings and dark mutterings.

The newcomer paid no heed. He went his way, never armed, never belligerent, always placid. One autumn afternoon while he was hauling home a wagon-load of supplies he heard his name called. The voices seemed to come from the outcropping ledge of rock above the roadway. The boy moonshiner checked his team and climbed down from the wagon seat to look about. Two rifles cracked just as his foot touched the ground and the likely boy rolled over in the dust. The brace of scalawags crawled down the side of the bluff, grabbed the likely one's arms, and dragged him up the lane to his cabin, where they left him, beside his own gate, squarely in the beating sunlight.

Next day the women folk of the country-side heard of the ill-doing and proceeded to bury the lad in a scraggly cedar grove just beyond his cabin. I ran across the lone grave the other day, an unmarked mound of flint, half hidden by a clump of wild goldenrod, a place approachable only along wandering avenues of forest shadows.

A COUPLE of months later a party of young bloods went up among the White River hills to hunt wild turkeys. Among them were the two self-boasted slayers of the likely young moonshiner. The party wandered far up into the cave country, a country of lost frontiers and spiraling gray-blue columns of smoke. When the youngsters came home again they had a very sad story to tell. Two of their members had been shot in the back—right where the suspenders cross. And it appeared that the two had been accurately selected.

Moonshiners as a rule are not the sort to kill for mere bloodthirstiness; certainly they are not of the ilk of the saga-fied gunmen of the brave old days—fellows who would shoot a man for a nickel and then spend the rest of the day bellyaching because the cartridge cost six cents. Moonshiners are often astonishingly soft.

Some time ago a posse of enforcement deputies started a raiding expedition into some of the wild hills of Taney County, Missouri. Evidently dazzled by the sheen of their silver stars, they followed Roaring River and Indian Creek up into a country where no sagacious angel would choose to tread. They started to trail down a spiral of gray-blue smoke.

They did, but it happened that the location was occupied. The officers approached the brush thicket, opened fire and charged. There was an answering bombardment of rocks. Then rifles began to spit from high up in white oak trees. The raiders continued their advance until they observed that no less than a dozen up-countrymen were perched about in nearby trees, fondling well-greased squirrel rifles.

(*Please Turn to Page 1381*)

A BAR IN YOUR OWN FRONT YARD

A renovated Robin Hood covers the spoils of a back-brush run-off

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Where Latin Sympathies Lie

By T. R. YBARRA

IN SOUTH AMERICA President-elect Hoover will not merely have the task of fostering friendliness toward us among the natives of the lands which he visits but he will have to combat a distinct antipathy to the United States. This antipathy—latent at all times in the majority of Latin Americans—is actively encouraged from Europe by Europeans who do not like us.

There is a definite movement in Europe to array Latin America against the United States. This does not imply necessarily a desire to foster hostility such as might bring future wars—though some Europeans would certainly welcome such a dénouement.

What is desired principally is to make Latin America a bulwark of Latin ideals of intellectuality, refinement and the finer graces of human relationships against forms of civilization which, some natives of Latin Europe assert, simply glorify business supremacy and exalt material over spiritual values. Indeed, some of the more violent vanguard fighters in this campaign deny to non-Latin concepts of life even the very name of civilization. To their way of thinking, everything Slavic, everything Teutonic, and, first and foremost everything Anglo-Saxon, is plain barbarism—in which they show themselves the modern counterparts of those Greeks who dismissed under the epithet of "barbarians" everybody not a native of the classic land of Hellas.

The efforts of Latin Europeans to keep the inhabitants of the American Continent from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn faithful to the Latin blood in their veins are not being expended on sterile soil. In fact, among many inhabitants of the republics to the south of us, no such missionary work is needed at all. To them, whatever is Latin is sympathetic; everything non-Latin is alien.

The thoughts of Madrid, Rome and, above all, Paris, are their thoughts. They read of what is being thought and done in New York and London—and, to a lesser degree, in Berlin and Moscow—with a mixture of bewilderment and contempt. The non-Latin world is not for them. It simply does not "register."

"Paris," it has been wisely said, "is the capital of the Latin race." Nothing could be truer. Madrid and Rome and Lisbon hold the love of Latin America in direct proportion to the faithfulness with which they reflect the bright rays of the Latin sun which rises and sets over Paris. And many a native of Latin America, more abreast of these feverish times than his fellows, looking delightedly at Latin cities like Barcelona, Milan and Bordeaux, which vie in business enterprise with New York and Chicago, suddenly finds his delight dampened by the thought that, by virtue of their business prowess, Bordeaux and Milan and Barcelona may eventually forfeit their priceless heritage of Latinism.

"Does progress necessarily mean the triumph of non-Latin civilization?" he asks himself uneasily—and, with a sigh, he returns to perusal of the imposing statistics showing the material development of Milan and Bordeaux and Barcelona.

THAT sigh proves him also, hard-headed business man though he is, a potential fighter in the cause of Latin solidarity. His ear is all too ready to catch the siren songs wafted across the ocean from Europe having as their refrain the beauties of Latinism and the ugliness of Anglo-Saxondom.

Because French ways of thinking really need no apostles in Latin America, France does little direct propaganda there for Latinism. Nevertheless, the French do their part, indirectly, toward fighting the anti-Anglo-Saxon fight. Everybody from the Latin American republics who visits Paris gets not only the charming welcome which Paris extends to every foreigner within her gates but is also given subtly to understand that he "belongs"—that, though the North American may have millions of dollars to spend along the Rue de la Paix and the Champs-Elysées, he is not the equal of the Latin American because he has no Latin blood.

Two other Latin countries of Europe—Spain and Italy—believe in direct action. Spain would like to deprive France of the cultural leadership of Latin America. So she continually reminds its republics—all of which, except Brazil, were originally colonized by Spaniards—of the glories of "la raza española"—that Spanish race which explored and conquered and ruled the American Continent from California to Tierra del Fuego.

It is an open secret that King Alfonso of Spain eagerly desires to visit South America, believing that his visit would contribute greatly to the victory of Pan-Latin "get-together" tactics. Spain sends over constantly to Spanish America dramatic and operatic companies which give performances in Spanish. Moreover—though these latter nowadays visit only a limited part of the New World—Spanish bullfighting troupes keep alive in Spain's former colonies the classic art of the toreador. Also there is a Spanish sample ship, a regular floating county fair, which tours Latin American ports to foster the sale of Spanish products.

Next to Spain, the European country most active in directly influencing Latin Americans is Italy. Throughout the Latin American lands there is a strong Italian element, notably in Argentina. Since the advent of Mussolini and Fascismo in Italy, the efforts of the mother-country to keep Latin ideals alive in this big nucleus of Italians living abroad have redoubled in vigor.

And, while Spaniards, French and Italians are thus at work, Portugal reminds the Brazilians of the glories of Latin Portugal, from which land they sprang.

THESE efforts, directed from Europe, are actively seconded in Latin America by an influential body of natives who lose no opportunity to sing pæans of praise to the Latin ideal. Foremost among them is Manuel Ugarte, certainly the most outspoken enemy of the United States in all Latin America. Ugarte, a citizen of the Argentine, loses no chance to denounce "Yankee Imperialism" and paint in lurid colors the terrible consequences if the "Colossus of the North" should ever dominate the entire American Continent. And there are others no less vociferous.

So it is up to President-elect Hoover to counteract this European and Latin American campaign. It is up to him to show Latin Americans that Anglo-Saxons in general and North Americans in particular are not such very dreadful people.

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From the Life

The Monster

By IBBY HALL

THE NORTHERN part of New York State has been the home until recently of an English bulldog. His name is not recorded for the benefit of the public, but his nature—strangely enough, because of running true to form—has found him a place among heroes.

He was an animal who never pretended to be anything that he wasn't. He was born bulldog and more than contented with his lot. It was his nature to growl at any suspicious looking stranger. It was his nature to crave affection from those who loved him and were his own. And it was born in him from puppyhood to be always on the alert for anything that could promise a fight. He was wise, too, with the brains of bulldogs, untouched by the specious wisdom of mankind. In fact he was a contented fellow who had learned little from experience and was happy always in following the leads that nature had given him.

But for all his affectionate disposition and pugnacious temperament, the bulldog lived a comparatively uneventful life. His home was on a farm and the ways of the farm were those of pleasantness and peace. A stray chicken, watching him nervously from the corner of her eye, occasionally diverted his mood. He was far too well bred to think of molesting her, but it gave him a pleasant sense of power to twitch his tail carelessly or shift the weight of his jaws from one paw to another, and observe the hysterical effect upon her journey. No, the animals upon the farm were safe where he was concerned. He was a superior being and knew his responsibilities as overlord.

Often and often, life on the farm was a dull affair. There was no denying it. Whiffs of excitement from distant fascinating worlds would blow past his nostrils upon many a wandering wind. Dim visions of adventure would start up to tease and worry him in many a peaceful sleep. These untasted joys of a lost underworld left their traces of tragedy in his mournful eyes, and gave him those wistful lines in the forehead which so belied the weight and power of the underslung jaws. It was not enough to be overlord of a pleasant farm. Unknown worlds were waiting to be conquered, and how was he to find them?

The day arrived that found him lying sleepily in the sun, speculating on those enemies he had never known. Something bigger than a horse, more nimble than a bull, with the slippery cunning of a rattlesnake and a cry more terrible than the eagle's—now, there would be a monster worthy of him! He sighed heavily at the thought; twitched his nose to remove a bothersome fly, and sat up suddenly to breathe in the elixir of the summer weather. It was a perfect day. The blood was running warmly in his veins. The sun smiled brightly. The surrounding fields were filled with delicious, teasing odors. Something waited for him. Far down the level roadway, well out of sight, and quite a distance along, he was certain that a secret excitement lay in wait. He turned his head and shifted his eyes. The farm could be left in safety. The bulldog started off.

HE REACHED at last a familiar gate and paused. Everything as usual? He wrinkled his forehead. No, not quite as usual. There was an undercurrent here. Something was going on at his neighbor's that did not belong to every day. Before traveling any further, he must make sure that he was not overlooking any minor adventure that lay so near at home. The bulldog turned his nose in the direction of the neighbor's field. Yes, there was something.

In the middle of the field, he stopped suddenly and sniffed. There was something here that he didn't like—that warned him to be off, to make no trouble, to look elsewhere for excitement. He growled softly to himself. This was nonsense. There was nothing to be seen. There was no smell of an enemy, no footstep, no hiding place; no sound, except for a strange and distant tingling that could scarcely be a sound at all. But by a sudden sharpness of his senses he was advised through this tingling, this shadow of a sound, to take himself quickly down the road; to start off once more in pursuit of that monster he had so happily visualized. His answer to this advice was another growl. Another angry turn of his head. Another anxious survey of the familiar field. There was no enemy here.

And it was at that moment that a fly stung him unexpectedly on the nose.

The bulldog was outraged. He had dealt with flies before, though this one was of an unusual size and noisiness. The dog snapped viciously at the air and shook his great head. Once the creature saw the size of his jaws!—But at this moment a second winged torment struck him behind the ear. The tingling sound had become a buzzing. The buzzing had become a shadow, and the shadow was quickly materializing into a dark cloud.

He had fought his own kind. He had pursued with gallantry strange and visible monsters. He had never known defeat, but here was something new. The very newness infuriated him. He, a bulldog, to be attacked by this buzzing cloud of small, flying creatures! It was insanity. Once and for all he would teach them their inferiority.

But, again, that sharpened sense of his spoke quickly and this time almost in a panic. There was the open field. There was the road beyond. He must save himself and run. And in answer to this sudden cry of warning, the dog leapt furiously, straight into the center of the black cloud of his enemies.

It was a fight with no onlookers except the sky and sun, and small startled creatures that fled in panic from the field. Later on, a human being came running to the scene, and later still, another. But by now there was no stopping the battle that was progressing slowly and inevitably to the death. For the bulldog was fighting as he had never fought before. Swollen, disfigured, pulled down with every minute by the seeping tide of poison in his blood, he dashed and leapt and bit at the enveloping cloud of angry bees, with never a casualty to his credit.

THE HUMAN beings added their cries to that quick sense of his which had warned him. But he was a bulldog, and he was fighting, and they should have known better.

There was no cry in heaven or earth that could have stopped him now. The only hand that could quiet him was at his throat, was clouding his eyes, was stealing his breath, and laid him down quietly at last in defeat and oblivion.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

CERTAINLY the modern psychiatrist's view of human nature is invading the theatre with a vengeance. When we saw "Strange Interlude" last year, and became so excited about it that we had to fill two pages with praise of Mr. O'Neill, we felt in our bones that he had started something in the theatre. We even went so far as to say that he had written a new kind of play, and created a new technique—although, considering the Greek drama and the Shakespearean aside, perhaps this wasn't strictly true.

It never occurred to us, however (not in our wildest dreams), that pretty soon playwrights would be putting before us pictures of the inside of the human brain; and using whole scenes inside it to explain the psychological and emotional reactions of their characters. Yet, this is precisely what Austin Strong has done in his new piece, "A Play Without a Name." It has two acts, and each act has three scenes. The middle scene in each act is inside John's brain; wherein you see, presumably, what goes on inside John.

John himself is a young man, with a devoted wife, who works for a financial institution in Wall Street. He has been trying for several years to secure promotion in his business by working very hard and virtuously for his employers, and taking all the outside extension university and business courses he can find. The firm he works for is apparently rather mean. Because on the fatal day, when those who are to be promoted to higher financial positions are to be chosen, the firm, rather humorously, informs John that he is fired.

They do this, the playwright carefully explains, because they want to see how John will act—which seems to us a very peculiar way of carrying on a business, and one we are sure the magnates down town will hear of with great interest, not to say surprise. But, anyway, John is fired, or thinks he is fired, and this precipitates a pretty kettle of fish for everybody concerned.

To be brief about it, a young lady, whom he has previously known, turns up at the psychological moment and John goes out on a wild party with her, and refuses to believe any more in the good old maxims of "virtue is its own reward" and "honesty is the best policy," and all the ideas which have hitherto been his guide in business and life.

This is where the brain comes in. Because it seems that John gets a distinct thrill from the girl—one he does not get from his wife. And the scene inside the brain proves this without a doubt. We never heard such yells of approval nor such loud admonitions to "go on" as emanated from the queer crew of people who operated the levers in John's brain.

INTERESTING? It is; it's a very interesting device. But it's a good deal like making a digaram of love, or taking a photograph of maternal affection. You had no idea it looked like that. In other words, to us it seemed the wrong medium to choose to get over understanding of emotion. It is an intellectual device, capable of being infused with emotion, rather than an imaginative device springing from emotion itself and capable of transmitting it.

Further it holds some elements of disappointment. Its levers and colors and general resemblance to either the inside of a death's head or the top deck of a ship on a stormy night—these things fill you with curiosity and prepare you for the terrible turmoil and tumult that ensue when John is finally alone with his girl on a sofa. But when the curtain rises again, and you see John and his girl, you are almost paralyzed to find that practically nothing has happened. All the noise was just inside John.

The upshot is that John decides he doesn't like the girl and he returns home to Peggy Wood—who is his wife in this particular production—and the president of the concern breaks the news that he wasn't fired after all; and he and Peggy Wood are deliriously happy. It isn't very much of a play, you see.

Nevertheless, some of the dialogue is sparkingly brilliant, but much of it is uneven. Beyond everything, perhaps, it is interesting because of Mr. Strong's use of this mechanical device in the center of each act—apparently, to go Mr. O'Neill one better.

Just what would have happened, however, if Mr. Strong, when he first thought of his idea, had mentioned it to A. A. Milne just as he was about to write his detective comedy, "The Perfect Alibi,"—well, we cannot imagine the result. Because Mr. Milne's new play hasn't any mechanical devices of any kind, and it all takes place in a sort of pastoral drawing-room in an English country house.

And, yet, our hair stood straight on our head for hours; we had much difficulty in controlling ourself during most of the play; and the emotional effect upon us could not have been measured by any mechanical machine that you could get within the limits of Manhattan Island.

"The Perfect Alibi" is the perfect detective play. They commit the murder on the stage before you; they construct the alibi—and it's perfect: All but—and the "but" supplies the rest of the play. Because the young lady of the house has intuition; and she knows intuition is much better than all the circumstantial evidence in the world. What's more, she proves it before your eyes in the following acts. Compared to plays like "The Perfect Alibi," machines for measuring emotion inside people's brains simply aren't in it. As a successor to "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "The Ivory Door," it is absolutely up to standard.

Considering the frame of mind in which the ordinary American finds himself after five-thirty, we would say that it is the best play to be seen now in New York. In fact, to our mind, the achievement is one that far out-distances any detective story we ever read.

MEANWHILE, we are grieved to report that at least one much touted new play, "Congai," makes no contribution to either ideas or good drama. Miss Menken does her best to make us believe that she is an Annamite French half breed—and partially succeeds. But the woodenness of the play and the dull reiteration of the white man's ability only to debauch the native civilizations he seeks to mold to his liking—well, not even colorful scenery and costumes can overcome these handicaps.

"Congai" adds little to the gaiety of the nations—and nothing to the stage.

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The World This Week

Quack, Quack!

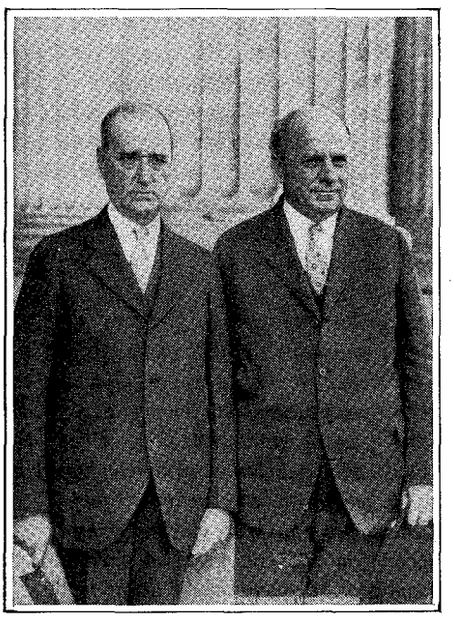
FOR ONCE the press of the country seems to have turned from baiting the Senate of the United States to making rather derogatory remarks about the lower chamber. Evidently the House of Representatives deserves them. It has registered two grand failures. The House has had two good chances to reform itself. It should have chosen both. It has actually chosen neither. It is in the bad graces of the country.

In the first place it has not only neglected but actually refused to keep itself representative according to the Constitution. At present some States have more and other States fewer Representatives than their populations entitle them to. The Constitution makes it clear that the purpose of the taking of the census every ten years is to provide Congress with the knowledge on which it can regularly reapportion the Representatives to the several States. It is eight years since the last census was taken and yet the House has done nothing about reapportionment. The present House of Representatives is now not Constitutionally constituted. And the press is beginning to speak plainly about it.

In the second place the House has refused to get rid of its hang-over members. Every two years it is partly composed for four months of members who have been defeated. These Lame Ducks in the House have companions equally lame in the Senate. The way to get rid of them is by a Constitutional Amendment which the Senate has repeatedly passed. The House, however, has stood pat, and let the Lame Ducks quack. There is not a voice in the newspaper world that is raised, so far as we have noted, in defense of the House's inaction. We state our opinion on this point elsewhere in this issue. As yet, however, public opinion is either not sufficiently aroused or sufficiently vehement in its expression through the press to bring the House of Representatives to its senses. Have editorial fingers lost their skill in picking words sufficiently pointed and in darting them with force sufficiently strong to be felt by Representative skins?

These two measures—the one for reapportionment, the other for abolishing Lame Ducks—stand out as apparently having unanimous approval in the press. If there is serious objection to either of them—if there is even any disposition to think that they are not both urgent—we have not noted it. What seems to be universally recognized is that both these measures are fundamental because both have a direct bearing on properly representative government.

Sharing attention almost if not quite equally with these is the Kellogg Pact for Renouncing War. And it has almost as general support. When it was first proposed many newspapers examined it for flaws. Now, though its limitations are pretty well recognized, most newspapers are for its ratification. Some place it first on the *agenda*. A few still cry "Caution!" If the Senate heeds public opinion as expressed in the press it will promptly give it the stamp of approval.



Underwood

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS

Representatives Finnis J. Garrett of Tennessee and John C. Box of Texas

The naval bill for the construction of fifteen cruisers and an airplane carrier —at a cost of something comparable to our chewing-gum expense account— seems also to have general approval. There are some objections; but the obviously pacifist influence seems to have waned. On second thoughts editors seem to conclude that Representative Britten's plan for consultation between delegations from Congress and Parliament respectively concerning American and British naval programs was perhaps not essentially bad even if badly proposed. But those same editors for the most part believe that our navy needs and should have these cruisers.

In spite of some reminiscences of the old fight over the World Court, editorial opinion is in favor of trying to get Europe to accept our reservations and even of making such modification in one of them as will conciliate European opinion without sacrificing its essentials.

Not much hope is expressed for farm relief in the present Lame Duck session. Here and there a newspaper calls that the most urgent need of the country; but most newspapers, even while favoring as early action as possible, seem resigned to postponement until the special session after March 4.

Boulder Dam—or Black Canyon, as it probably will be, now that the engineering commission of investigation has expressed a preference for the new site—is of all subjects now before Congress apparently the most contentious.

Farm Program

SOMETIMES an Assistant Secretary of one of the executive Departments in Washington becomes Acting Secretary, the Secretary being engaged at golf or something. Usually he reads the mail and tells a couple of insistent callers that the Secretary cannot see them because he is borne down with the weight of official duties. Once in a long while he gets a chance to speak. Thus Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Dunlap delivered an address of welcome to the National Grange and laid down a program for agricultural relief much more comprehensive if not more efficacious than any that has come from higher sources. Here it is:

Accept such legislation as Congress and the President are willing to give and amend it as opportunity offers.

Cease opening new lands for agricultural purposes, either by putting water on or taking it off or in any other way.

Let marginal lands upon which people are trying to eke out an existence revert to forest or pasture or absolute idleness.

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Relieve forest and cut-over lands from taxation until the owner begins to harvest his timber.

Increase internal water transportation facilities.

Through Federal appropriations, encourage agricultural research.

Encourage the establishment of farms which will be of the right size to operate most successfully and still maintain the farm community spirit.

Find new uses for agricultural products and for as many as possible of by-products now wasted.

Give more attention to fertilizers; to farm machinery; to prevention and cure of animal and plant diseases; and tighten up the quarantine to prevent their introduction from other countries.

Have the Federal Government see to it that the farmer gets a larger proportion of the consumer's dollar.

Reserve the American market for the American farmer by a high tariff.

Individuals may disapprove certain details of Mr. Dunlap's program, but practically all will admit that he has really said something about solving the farm problem.

▸▸*The Real Farm Surplus*

THE CITY is primarily for adults engaged in business and dealing mainly with inanimate, inert and relatively durable things. The farm is the world of the child, devoted to growth and relatively perishable things. There are, of course, children in the cities and adults on the farm, but the farm population of the United States contains four million more children than does any equivalent city population. These children constitute a real farm surplus which, at the beginning of adult life, must and does move off to the cities and builds up the larger proportion of adults in the urban places. Here is a farm product upon which the cities depend as much as upon wheat and meat and which must be taken into consideration in any rational controversy over the inter-related problems of farm and city.

Thus, in substance, said Dr. C. J. Galpin to the Missouri State Teachers' Association recently in session in Kansas City. Dr. Galpin is the economist in charge of the Division of Farm Population and Rural Life in one of the Bureaus of the United States Department of Agriculture.

In the summary just made of what Dr. Galpin said there is nothing essentially new; but it requires, at intervals, the sort of restatement which Dr. Galpin has given it, along with something still more important. In a period of pessimism concerning American farm life, he is still the optimist. "It is not a subject for bitterness," he told the Missouri teachers. "There is no feud here. There may be ignorance, but enlightenment will render the path tolerable. Modern socialization of the farming community would place farm life in a position of high advantage. . . . Rationally organized suburban residence communities for all city workers would make city life and labor not only tolerable but in large measure would save it from its own despair."

▸▸*Westernizing the East*

PROGRESS—or at least change—is pushing Orientals hard these days. At opposite extremes of the unchanging East—in China and Turkey—two governments determined to be up to date are setting their people tasks that are proving much harder than adjustment to political innovations.

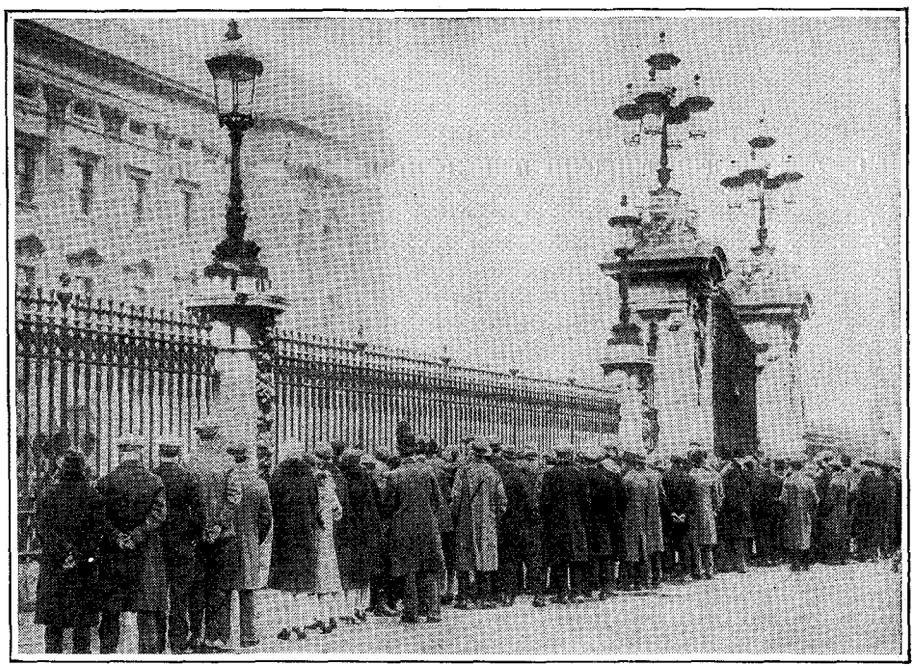
The Chinese Nationalist Government has ordered the use of the western solar calendar throughout China, in place of the traditional lunar calendar that the people have followed for centuries. Three-quarters of the population, it is estimated, knows only this lunar calendar dividing the year into twelve months of twenty-nine or thirty days. The western system is in effect now for official documents and among some intellectuals, but the merchants and the rest of China's four hundred odd millions are likely to be difficult to move to adopt such outlandish notions.

The Turkish Nationalist Government has decided that it is stupid to print the language of the country in the Arabic characters which make it at once so decorative to look at and so baffling to read. Accordingly, newspapers, magazines, and motion pictures are ordered to appear in Latin letters; and a population already eighty per cent illiterate in the old alphabet is at work trying to master the new one. The newspapers themselves are printing lessons in it, to aid their readers to read them. And Mustapha Kemal, the dictator President, is setting an example by conducting classes for his Cabinet Ministers and members of his staff.

▸▸*We Become Air-Minded*

THE DAYS are becoming scarce and scarcer when we are not reminded that the flying age is winging its way here at always increasing speed.

A few days ago, Major Young, of the aeronautics division of the Department of Commerce, was impressing us with the announcement that our mail fliers are traveling daily 27,817 miles, serving trading areas of 80,000,000 population. Hardly had we ceased



Underwood

WAITING FOR NEWS

Part of the huge crowd which has waited outside Buckingham Palace ever since King George was stricken for news of his condition

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cogitating the picture of the future suggested by his report, when we were reminded that the ideal of airplane builders today is "the type, as yet undeveloped in practice, which might be flown safely by the unskilled owner-pilot who now drives his own motor car."

This touching up of our picture comes from the annual report of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; and we note that even Mr. Coolidge is stirred by what they have to say of progress in aviation. "Amazing"! he calls it.

The committee mentions an increase of more than 100 per cent in the production of airplanes for private ownership and operation. The monoplane appears to be firmly established for commercial service, which includes both express and passenger transportation. The all-metal—or nearly so—plane promises to be the type of the future.

The "most notable" event of the year, the committee believes, was the successful use in repeated flights of an engine using fuel injection and burning heavy oil instead of gasoline.

Finally, we are reminded that twenty-five years ago this week the Wrights hopped off at Kitty Hawk and stayed in the air long enough to confound the skeptics and prepare the way for an air-minded civilization.

▶▶Newspapers by Wire

ONCE AGAIN we were set to thinking about this mutable world when we read these lines about a new invention: "There was a hum and a whirr in a room on the fourth floor of the Rochester Times-Union, and, to the surprise of the spectators, the intricate parts of two typesetting machines began to move.

"Keys on the typesetting machines moved as if pressed by invisible hands. The little brass molds of letters, the 'mats,' dropped into place. Large levers moved swiftly and smoothly and cast lines of type slid into the 'stick' ready for the next process in the making of a newspaper.

"Two yawning spaces before the keyboards denoted the absence of human operators. Their functions were supplied by a stream of perforated ticker tape which was fed into the typesetting machines. No human hands had touched the two machines, one a linotype, the other an intertype machine.

"The secret of the new device is an electric typewriter which perforates ticker tape, each group of perforations corresponding to a letter or numeral. The code on the tape is then flashed electrically into a newspaper office, perhaps a thousand miles away, and a tape in the latter office is similarly perforated.

"The second tape is then put through a device attached to the linotype machine, and electrical impulses translate the code into depressions of the keys on the typesetting machine."

From that we deduce that the time is come when Mr. Brisbane's typist can put his daily works in type simultaneously in as many newspaper offices as like to publish his philosophical jottings. Whether that is genuine progress we cannot decide at this moment, but we do see that the Teletypesetter is going to help book publishers. They will not be compelled to keep tons of plates on hand while a book-of-the-minute goes through its several editions. They will merely keep a roll of tape on hand and feed it into the machine when orders warrant another printing.

Wide World

"BOSSY" GILLIS QUITS JAIL

Andrew J. Gillis, Mayor of Newburyport, Mass. leaving Salem jail at the end of his two-month term

Then, since we are speaking of inventions, we profess a curious interest in a press dispatch from Brazil which tells us that Señor Santos-Dumont, the distinguished inventor, has actually done something for the humble pedestrian. He has perfected an apparatus which is said to enable a person to walk with more speed and less expenditure of energy. It is called a Martian transformer, weighs about two pounds, resembles a watch, and is worn on the back. Its effect, says the dispatch, is to level mountains, enabling the foot traveler to walk as the bird flies.

Maybe this device offers a solution to the urban traffic problem.

▶▶The "Lincoln Letters"

A CONTROVERSY has developed over the authenticity of the love letters between Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. Experts in handwriting, students of Lincoln's early life and historical savants, are sharply attacking, and Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," is bravely defending, their genuineness. So far as handwriting goes, the attackers, we judge, have the best of the controversy. Mr. O. R. Barrett, Mr. Worthington C. Ford and Mr. L. A. Warren, well known as experts in Lincolniana, attack strongly, and largely on handwriting grounds. Moreover, the question of handwriting is inadequately treated in the "Atlantic's" statements. The editor says that he went over comparisons of penmanship minutely with Miss Ida Tarbell (who is a fine Lincoln student and his biographer, but not, we suppose, an expert on handwriting); Dr. W. E. Barton (a great authority on Lincoln; but again not an expert on handwriting) saw only photostats; if there is any really expert opinion presented that these letters are in Lincoln's writing, we have missed it. Moreover Dr. Barton has now definitely expressed his disbelief in the genuineness of the letters on other than handwriting grounds.

On the other hand the human note of the letters, the picture of Lincoln's young manhood, his rough and ready life in a remote little river town have seemed to many readers to ring true. Perhaps Lincoln-lovers — and that means almost everybody—will do well to read this extraordinary series of

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articles first and make up their minds as to the genuineness later.

Biographers have told little about the early romance between Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge for the reason that little was known. That she was a charming young girl of seventeen when Lincoln, then twenty-three, came to the struggling little settlement of New Salem, Illinois, in 1833; that a previous engagement of Ann was broken off; that Ann and Abraham Lincoln were betrothed in 1835; and that the same year Ann died, this is about all that was definitely on record.

The history of this alleged find as given in the current issue of the "Atlantic" is in itself a romance even if it is not history. For many years, it is told, the packets containing these literary treasures lay in a secret compartmen of a massive old secretary belonging to a Civil War veteran, a devoted admirer of Lincoln, and after his death they came to his widow, great-aunt of Miss Wilma Frances Minor, the author of the articles now appearing. They originally passed from Ann to her confidante, Matilda Cameron, and their history between that time and their possession by the Civil War veteran is related step by step.

▶▶A Mound Builders' Fortress

When the pioneers pushed over the mountains into Middle Tennessee, they found elaborate but deserted fortifications on a plateau overlooking the stream which was to be known as Duck River. From the stream and the lowlands around, they looked not unlike the fortifications of the City of Quebec.

For more than a century and a half this has been wondered at and called the Stone Fort but, though extensive investigations were made into the mounds and buried cities of the mysterious people known as Mound Builders or Stone Grave Race, no more than curious and casual inspection was given the fort. Now Dr. P. E. Cox, State Archaeologist of Tennessee, has excavated it, found it to be a walled fortress fifty-two acres in extent, three sides of it protected by the stream, the fourth by an artificial moat, and found that trees began to grow on it about seven hundred years ago.

Dr. Cox's work has added nothing to the knowledge of the domestic life of a dead people, but it has shown that they were as skillful in martial engineering as in agriculture and handicraft.

Judging the Future by the Past

One Hundred Years Ago This Week

The following item from the "New York Evening Post" of December 17, 1828, would seem to indicate that "lame duck" Congresses have not greatly changed:

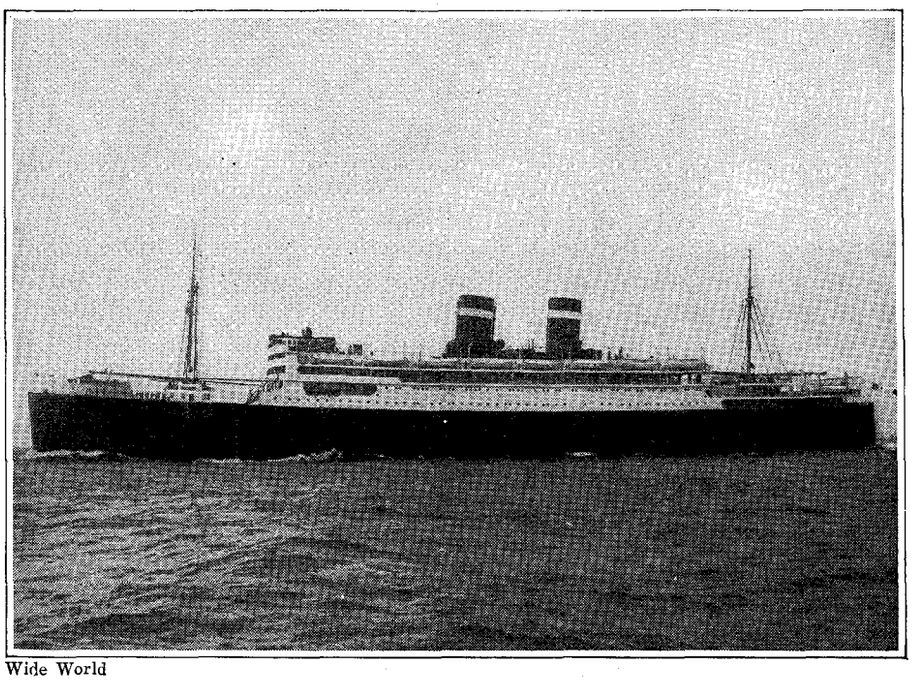
"We learn from Washington that there is not much disposition to make legislative excitement or debate. It is a sort of *interregnum,* and every one is waiting and looking for the 4th of March. There appears to be a settled determination not to stir the tariff question during the present session; but it is evident that it is to be the prominent business of the next."

Another familiar though lamentable state of affairs is revealed by the same paper, under the same date:

"We are somewhat curious to see what information will be elicited by Mr. Verplanck's resolution agreed to by the House on Thursday, calling upon the President as to the nature of the private information received by him respecting the smuggling carried on upon our Northern frontier . . . The friends of the Administration assured us in the most confident and boastful terms, that the apprehension was utterly groundless. The desire of gain, the temptation of opportunity, strong as they were, we were told would be insufficient to induce our citizens to violate so wholesome and favorite a law, and even the inhabitants of the Canadas were to hold it in the most reverential respect. The consequences we predicted . . . are already taking place, somewhat to the confusion of the drudges of party."

Feminists and flappers may think about this contribution in the "Norfolk Press," as quoted in "New York Evening Press," December 17, 1828:

"It has always been remarked that the generality of females have many admirers, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it—but the reason is obvious—'Ah,' said a venerable maiden, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, 'courting is nothing to what it was when I was young. The flirts now-a-days, make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectable lover.' The observation was just. The ladies of the last age were more respected because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with indifference which is nearly allied to contempt. . . . Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterwards surprised that they grow cold to their charms.



Wide World

THE LARGEST STEAMSHIP EVER BUILT IN AMERICA

The 32,830-ton liner Virginia of the Panama Pacific Line which sailed from New York on her maiden voyage December 8

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Speculation

THE TRADE WINDS carry strange news from the U.S.S. Maryland, which is bearing Herbert Hoover on his good-will tour of South America. The President-elect, newspaper dispatches inform us, has selected his Cabinet, but will not announce it now for obvious reasons. It is said to include many names new to politics and politicians. The belief that Hoover might step off the gangplank early in January with a Cabinet springing, Minerva-like, from his forehead, has persisted in political circles, but this is the first airy breath of confirmation—and it is only a breath. For no substantial word has come from the Maryland's passenger.

Nevertheless, unofficial Cabinet-making continues. In fact, it becomes a more popular sport as January approaches. It is generally agreed that Hoover will have an official household containing more "experts" than any of his recent predecessors. Among the "experts" mentioned in newspaper discussion are such men as Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico; S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for reparations under the Dawes Plan; Roland Boyden, unofficial observer with the Reparations Commission; General John J. Pershing; Ogden L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury; Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury; William J. Donovan, Assistant to the Attorney-General; ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth; Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Italy and Hoover's diplomatic aide on his present trip; Alanson B. Houghton, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; Senator William E. Borah; Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University; Julius Klein, Director of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce; and Julius Rosenwald, Chicago business man and philanthropist.

"Lame Duck" Prospects

THE SHORT SESSION of a Congress that meets on the eve of a new administration is not expected to produce much legislation. It is a sort of twilight body. The "lame ducks" are inclined to busy themselves in a search for Federal jobs more energetically than in legislative business, and there is a natural tendency to wait upon the incoming President. But Congressional leaders have outlined a fairly ambitious program for the present session. Besides initiating twelve appropriation bills carrying more than $4,400,000,000 for normal government maintenance, House managers hope to enact a reapportionment measure to correct the political inequalities caused by shifts of population since the 1910 census was taken. The Senate has hopes of passing both the cruiser and Boulder Dam bills before Christmas recess, but the former seems more certain of passage than the latter; both have been acted on in the House. Ratification of the Kellogg peace pact is expected, as is favorable action on the Greek and Austrian debt funding agreements. The Senate is talking itself blue in the face over confirmation of Roy O. West, an Insull stockholder, as Secretary of the Interior, and rejection is not impossible. Administration of the Indian wards and Salt Creek oil fields by West and his predecessor, Dr. Hubert Work, will furnish the subjects of Senatorial investigations.

Many important questions, however, will be put off for one reason or another, according to the present program. The Senate will probably do nothing about admission or ejection of Senator-elect William S. Vare, convalescent Philadelphia podesta, although it is twenty-two months since he first tried to take his seat. Both houses will undoubtedly postpone farm and tariff legislation until the special session promised by President-elect Hoover, even though there is yet no assurance that it will be called. The House Ways and Means Committee has prepared a program for the tariff hearings that start on January 7, but various elements prefer that this question and the ills of agriculture be considered by a Congress more steeped in regular Republicanism than the present one, in which the party of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover possesses only a narrow majority. Other major problems not scheduled for action are railroad consolidation and restriction of the use of Federal court injunctions in labor disputes.

Underwood

THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON

Workers on the new bridge which will span the Hudson between 178th Street, New York City and Fort Lee, New Jersey. It will be the world's largest suspension bridge

Italians Prefer Bonds

MUSSOLINI has unquestionably done a great deal for the economic restoration of Italy and for unification of the national life—but by measures to which few Americans certainly would submit. Two events recently have emphasized the arbitrary character of the Fascist dictatorship.

The closing session of the last legislature to be elected by the universal vote of the Italian people took place on December 8, and it marked the end of represenative democratic government in Italy for so long a time as Premier Mussolini and his successors hold sway. Significantly, the occasion was one of rejoicing, for the passing Chamber of Deputies was made up almost

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entirely of Fascist adherents. The next Chamber will be composed of Fascists only, to be chosen in elections in the spring from lists selected by the Grand Council of the party. This body was given, at the final parliamentary session, a constitutional status making it the supreme organ of authority in the nation.

At the same time the Fascist Cabinet has inaugurated a policy intended to bind the peasants to the land. The tendency of the farm population to drift to the cities has been troubling the authorities, who fear a decline in agricultural production and a danger, both physical and moral, to the health of the population. The Cabinet empowered the ninety-two local prefects individually to take whatever measures they thought best, after studying conditions in their regions, to keep the farmers from leaving the farms. The decision puts an immense social power in the hands of a set of bosses who are practically responsible to themselves alone since the local residents can not appeal over their heads for redress of injustice.

Mr. Baldwin to Mr. Britten

STANLEY BALDWIN of Great Britain sent a reply to the suggestion of Mr. Britten of Washington that members of Parliament and of Congress should meet to discuss naval disarmament. The fact that Mr. Baldwin is Prime Minister and Mr. Britten is Chairman of the House Naval Committee was disregarded since Mr. Britten had addressed Mr. Baldwin simply as a member of Parliament. But before responding to Mr. Britten, Mr. Baldwin sent a mysterious reassuring message to the State Department, much ruffled by Mr. Britten's action in addressing the head of another Government independently.

Mr. Baldwin told Mr. Britten that in his recent speech expressing regret that statesmen have so little opportunity to meet each other, he was speaking of executives, not of legislators; and he felt it would not be consistent with the courtesy due to the United States Government to express any further opinion on a proposal on which he understood they had not been consulted. He did say, however, that he had been greatly interested to learn of Mr. Britten's proposal.

Mr. Britten at once declared that he considered the reply favorable; and he at once laid it before the House Naval Committee for consideration. What Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge would have to say about it has not been printed.

A Law Is Proposed

SENATOR WALSH of Montana, moving spirit in securing the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the so-called "power trust," has introduced into Congress the first bill based upon the inquiry. The measure would make it unlawful "for any person, firm or corporation engaged in interstate commerce . . . to offer or give anything of value to any teacher or member of any school board or board of education to induce him to write or revise . . . or to teach or expound any doctrine, dogma or theory with intent to influence opinion in favor of any particular Governmental action or public policy advocated by or beneficial to such person, firm or corporation or the business in which he or it may be engaged."

Further, Senator Walsh would forbid any publication entitled to or claiming second-class mail privileges to print "reading matter for pay, or furnished in substance by any person, association or corporation paying for display advertising in such publication, knowing it was so furnished, unless the fact that it was so paid for shall be plainly indicated in a statement published in connection with such reading matter."

Perhaps Senator Walsh will induce the Lame Duck Congress to pass his bill, but we doubt it. The measure raises too many questions, comes far too close to infringing upon State rights and personal liberty and the rights of the press to arouse enthusiasm or support. Regulation of teachers and boards of education is hardly a question for National fiat; and it is ridiculous to legislate a Federal spy into the city room of every paper in the United States. To us, Senator Walsh's measure seems to be just another law. There are too many meaningless ones already.

Remarkable Remarks

Absolute international peace is a sure thing for the future.—MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT.

A Quaker on a battleship looks like a decided misfit.—REV. DR. MALCOLM JAMES MACLEOD.

These various vessels are not battle-ships; they are for the protection of commerce. — SECRETARY WILBUR.

The United States is known and esteemed above all because of its unshakable spirit of justice.—PRESIDENT VIQUEZ.

There are still in Europe too many disturbing elements to permit France to give an example in disarmament.—PAUL PAINLEVE.

A diplomat invariably tries to get three quarters for every half-dollar which he lays upon the table.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

I have a feeling that the average man does not know much about the government.—GOVERNOR ALVAN T. FULLER.

Any Senator who does not believe in God is an actual menace.—REV. DR. ROBERT NORWOOD.

The good Calvin had his points. Who but Mr. Coolidge would have sent Mr. Hoover a night letter instead of a telegram? — HENRY SUYDAM.

Hailstones

HOW HAILSTONES of very great size are formed in the skies is the subject of an argument that has recently been conducted by meteorologists, in which two opposed theories have been advanced. Although it is only human for the small city newspaper reporter to send in exaggerated accounts of natural phenomena, in the case of hailstones there is often no need to exaggerate; stones of sufficiently great size to compete with the reportorial imagination—four or five inches in diameter and more than a pound in weight—are an authentic scientific record. As solid objects even of very much smaller size than this fall very rapidly through the air and should reach the earth long before attaining such size it has been assumed by some scientists that the extremely rapid growth required by this short duration of fall must take place in passing a region of "supercooled" droplets of water. By supercooled droplets is meant tiny drops of water which remain a liquid even when cooled several degrees below the freezing point. Water thus cooled—the experiment may be performed with an ordinary glass of water—will turn to ice in a twinkling when only jarred or otherwise disturbed. Supercooled droplets

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in the skies would turn instantly to ice and this would accumulate on the hailstone at a very rapid rate.

According, however, to Professor W. J. Homphreys, chief physicist of the United States Weather Bureau, even this interesting phenomenon of supercooling would not permit the hailstones to reach such great size, and so we are forced to think that in cumulus clouds where large stones are formed there are uprushes of air of hitherto unrecognized speed—hurricane velocity, in fact—which can actually support the ice until it reaches by normal accretion the dimensions cited.

Back Stage in Washington

Washington, D. C.

SUNNY JIM WATSON is a delightful dissembler and a lovable humbug. It is impossible to dislike him and nobody does. If we were marooned on a desert island, we should make him our prime minister for the fun we would get out of watching him intrigue against himself.

We fear, however, that Herbert Hoover does not share our admiration for the Hoosierite's fine, swashbuckling traits. We realize, of course, that it would be bad advertising for the next President to have the statesman from Klan-ridden Indiana as his Senatorial spokesman on Capitol Hill. In their relations there would be "doubt, hesitation and pain." Hoover, as we know him, would be unable to banish from his tenacious memory certain incidents which have given the rest of us many succulent hours—such as the hard things Watson said about Hoover in the Indiana primary, which were equaled only by what Hoover said of Watson in private.

We have to thank Calvin Coolidge for intervening to protect the future interests of our most noted South American tourist. Though Hoover's friends have been shuddering at the prospect of Senator Curtis resigning his leadership immediately and Watson succeeding to the post, they merely shrugged their shoulders when it was suggested they act to prevent it. If the catastrophe of Curtis's resignation could but be averted until March 4, they groaned, Hoover might be able to exert Presidential influence for the man of his choice, presumably Senator Wesley Jones of Washington. But Hoover was far, far away, and it was left to Calvin to hold the bridge. The fact that Cal and Jim have barely been on speaking terms does not deprive his interposition of a certain characteristic quality of negative statemanship.

So we are almost resigned to the selection of Jones, who will take a great deal of fun from the lives of Senate gallery-goers. He is a grim, lean, earnest figure of the saturnine sort Hoover likes around him. As our colleague, Clinton W. Gilbert, notes, Jones is about as "showy as a hayrick." and is the "kind of prohibitionist who is pained if some one takes a drink in his presence." Mr. Jones must overcome such a scruple if he is to succeed as head man of a Senate in which there are not sufficient abstainers to "fill a hansom cab." Or so the observant Senator Bruce of Maryland says.

Our spies inform us, however, that the unselfishness of Calvin's action is becoming less evident to Curtis day by day. At first the Senator was immensely flattered, and he called in correspondents and colleagues to tell them.

Presently, we are told, the awful suspicion arose in his slow-working mind that there was more to this than appeared in his interview with the President. We cannot conceive of the Senator questioning the unselfish Calvin's motives, but we are told that he could not escape the conviction that his political enemies rather than Hoover's friends had been at work around the White House. It gradually dawned on him that if he resigns before January 14, he can dictate the appointment of his successor because the present Governor of Kansas is his buddy. But if Charlie acquiesces to Calvin's innocent request, the next Governor, as a non-Curtis man, will probably disregard the Senator's advice. Unkindest fancy of all, the next Governor's choice is believed to be Henry J. Allen, Hearst's Omaha publisher and Hoover's publicity director during the campaign. Now, there is no love lost, strayed or stolen between Henry and Charlie, since the latter feels that Allen was too loyal to Hoover and not sufficiently faithful to Curtis when the Senator was a Presidential candidate last spring. Thankful as we are to Calvin, we sympathize with Charlie, and do not condemn him for dismissing the whole subject with the comment: "Oh, damn it, I will play the game!" But we are curious to know whose game he means to play.

Though we have reached that time of life when few or no prejudices persist in our veins, and those which do suffer from low blood pressure, we confess we had hoped Mabel Walker Willebrandt would be well slippered for some of her campaign outbursts when hard-boiled members of Congress got her behind the closed doors of their committee rooms. We exulted upon learning that certain members of the House Appropriations Committee intended to scold her about her speeches during the campaign.

We now learn that she has appeared before the inquisitorial body and escaped unspanked. The long arm of Hoover protected her even here. George Holden Tinkham, the big game hunter and anti-prohibitionist from Back Bay, was primed to put some embarrassing questions to her, we are told, but he reckoned without Representative Milton Shreve, an original Hoover man and chairman of the subcommittee. Shreve rode to the rescue of Mabel as soon as she entered the committee room. "The lady is here," he whispered to Tinkham in a melodramatic voice, "but she is here as a government official and not as a politician. All questions must have to do with government business."

George, whose ancient mariner's eye has sent tigers scrambling back into the jungle howling for their mothers, turned appealingly to the other members, but it was only too apparent that they were faithful devotees of the political trinity of Hoover, Mabel and prohibition. So the little girl got a great big hand—but not where George had hoped.

A. F. C.

Pease in the Newark Evening News

THE SLATE HE OUGHT TO CLEAN

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Editorials

A Proclamation for Christmas

CHRISTMAS ten years ago was the first that millions of men in Europe had celebrated since leaving the trenches. How could this country better celebrate the tenth anniversary of that day than by wiping out useless reminders of old war-time feeling? President Coolidge has the opportunity of doing this by an act that would be truly Lincoln-like.

About fifteen hundred American citizens, men and women, it is estimated by the American Civil Liberties Union, are still suffering the penalty for their war-time opinions in the deprivation of their rights of citizenship. These are not people who committed any act of violence or physically resisted civil or military authority. Their sole offense consisted in the expression of opinion.

Never before, we believe, except during the life of the notorious and unlamented Alien and Sedition laws, had the United States Government penalized opinions. Even during the Civil War, when the life of the Nation was at stake vigorous and even bitter utterances against the waging of the war and in behalf of the enemies of the Government were tolerated; but when America entered the World War, Congress penalized words, written or spoken, as well as acts, of opposition to the war and to compulsory service. It became unsafe, even in some cases in private conversation, to say what was publicly said in England when England's back was to the wall. It is true, conditions here in 1917 were different from what they were in 1861, and different from those of contemporary England. We had masses of people whose allegiance had never been tested. It is probably true, as President Wilson is reputed to have said, that freedom of speech is necessarily impaired by war. But when the war was ended the emergency was ended. Our Government finally recognized this by ultimately releasing all who had been imprisoned for their utterances.

Release from prison, however, did not mean restoration of the rights of citizenship. Judges and juries had varied greatly in their interpretation of the law. One man who had attacked the motives of the Government would be acquitted on the ground that, as the judge in a case said, "if we are going to limit the right of free speech to those who talk wisely, there would probably be a deadly silence all around;" while another man would be heavily fined or incarcerated on the ground that a declaration that the war was to save the Morgan loans to the Allies was a "willful false statement made with the intent to interfere with the operation of the military and naval forces of the United States." Even aliens guilty of overt acts when released after serving their terms suffered no further disability. Slackers resumed their citizenship status. But citizens whose only offense was what they wrote or said remained without rights as citizens of their respective States.

Of course they were free to apply for pardons; but in some cases ignorance of procedure, in other cases a natural pride, stood in the way. Some of them are bitter, feeling that they have been unjustly dealt with. Others are undoubtedly indifferent.

Not for their sakes should these people be restored to their rights, but for the sake of the country. It is time that this great Republic should show itself not less generous than it was when torn by civil war, not less generous than other nations on the battlefields of Europe have proved themselves to be. We Americans cannot afford by neglect to remain seemingly indifferent to our principles of liberty.

Only the President can perform the act of generosity and justice that will accord with the Nation's self-respect. Christmas day is the fitting occasion. We ask him in the name of freedom to make the amnesty proclamation.

This Ridiculous Congress

WHERE is the Congress we have just elected? At Washington? No, indeed. This Congress that we are reading about in the newspapers which has now solemnly assembled to carry out the will of the people is the same old Congress and does not represent the will of the people at all.

Where then is the new President and the new Congress that we have been at such pains to get? Well, the new President, finding more time at his disposal than is necessary for picking his Cabinet, is making good use of it by calls on the neighbors. But the new Congress is on its way to Washington by ox-cart. For some of its members a team of turtles would be fast enough. Apparently it has not yet imagined the possibility of airplanes, has never heard of the automobile, and is still afraid of the novelty called the railroad. Originally Congress assembled as speedily as it could. It took time for its members to settle up their business and get ready to start. And when once started they made their way over rough roads in the wilderness by coach and saddle horse. And that is the way that the more enterprising members of Congress have been assembling ever since—presumably.

Otherwise we should not, of course, tolerate the situation in which a President whose successor has been chosen tells a Congress which no longer has the approval of the people about the work they are to do for three months to come.

But those men on the hill at Washington have still two months and a half before the term for which they were elected ends. And what is more important, they have over ten weeks' pay due them. Why not start public subscriptions for a fund with which to pay them off and then let them go? Then we should no longer have to depend for the transportation of Senators and Representatives upon stage-coaches.

Or perhaps these so-called "Representatives" that no longer represent will be willing to make a compromise. Let them draw their pay and serve out their term; they can in the meantime nose out Federal jobs, if they want them, and can get them; then let them amend the Constitution so that after the next election Congress will expire in January following the election of its successor and the new President can be inaugurated in the same month. Such an amendment is before the House now. The present members will not be hurt by passing it—even improving it by letting the new Congress assemble a month after election. The American people of the Twentieth Century no longer prize an Eighteenth Century Congress—even as an antique.

The Editors

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

A FEW weeks ago the Boston "Traveler" decided to dispense with its editorial writers and turn over its editorial space to its readers in the form of a "People's Forum." To this effect, high-sounding notices appeared, while an advertising man set about the preparation of what obviously was an *a priori* testimonial reading as follows:

"Well, What Do You Think of That? New England gives us the answer and the answer is . . . 'We Think It's Great'!"

The advertisement—which appeared in "Printers' Ink"—continued:

"When we did it, dozens of good newspapermen said we were getting simple in our old age (103 years). Today every newspaper editor in America is looking at his editorial columns and asking himself if a new era has dawned in journalism, a new path blazed by the Boston Traveler."

The only unfortunate feature of the whole proceeding was this: Almost by the time the advertisement ("We think it's great!") appeared in print, the "Traveler" had repented of its decision and resumed the same old editorials it had discarded but a few days before.

Absolute zero in boasting was reached by the "Traveler" in the same advertisement: "It was the first great daily newspaper to throw the 'Peaches Browning' story out of its columns." And this is what the "Traveler" calls "setting a hot pace in the progress of American journalism." Or, to amplify this last: "It is always doing something that New England talks about and cheers."

* * * * *

Dashed though I was by this seeming flightiness of the New Englander, I was reassured by an interview with a redoubtable defender of the Fine Old Family tradition supposedly common to these parts. It happened this way:

My young daughter came home from school with a tale of scarlet fever having smitten one of her mates, a child whom we may call Priscilla Simpkins. The next day, much disturbed, I hurried down to the principal of the school. Was there any likelihood of contagion? I inquired. Were antitoxins in order?

The whole tale, as it turned out, had been fictitious. No scarlet fever had existed in the school, and the aggrieved principal was vehement in her denials.

"Why," she exclaimed, "Priscilla's father is a noted doctor and naturally he would inform us of such a thing." But this didn't seem quite forcible enough. "You must remember," she continued, "that the Simpkins family is one of the very oldest families of Salem."

The inference, plainly enough, was that no ordinary scarlet fever bacillus would have the temerity to roost on the sacred person of a Salem Simpkins.

* * * * *

Being pretty thoroughly stoppered by the Salem Simpkins theory, this writer is lying low for the winter. All around him are establishments with chilly signs at their gates: "Keep Out!" or "Private" or "You're Not Wanted Here." As a simple refuge and distraction in this isolation, he has resumed the long-distance reading of mystery stories, and after a hundred or so is now able to set down the following maxims of shocker-technique:

I. Whenever a mystery story writer feels that his detective-hero is running out of gas as an imposing figure, he simply causes an underling sleuth to submit to the hero an entirely new bit of spectacular evidence. The hero refuses to be flustered. "Just as I thought," he says. Or: "I knew it all along."

2. If the whole story seems about to bog down through sheer lack of interest, the writer causes certain characters to repeat to one another: "By Jove! This is a *big* thing—bigger than we realize!" And the reader, strange to say, finds himself thereby persuaded to that effect.

3. The ill-natured Squire of Frumton Grange—he who mistreats his lovely young cousin (the next in line of succession) is always an impostor who has murdered the rightful heir years ago (in America). J. S. Fletcher has written this story three times.

4. Climbing unscalable walls, jumping unjumpable chasms and other similarly unfair and misleading circumstances may be employed by any writer if he only takes the trouble to put a lot of "dacoits" in his story. Just what a dacoit is, I'm not sure, but I do know that their "grinning, evil faces" can suddenly appear in such difficult places as a port-hole in a ship's side or a compartment window of the Twentieth Century Limited. Heaven help any character against whom a writer lets loose the dacoits!

5. Any character, however wary or discreet must always appear at any rendezvous suggested by a mysterious telephone message. Even a superintendent of the C. I. D. will fall for such devices, sometimes twice in the same book, turning up at the ruined abbey or lonely moor with all the simplicity of a boy going to school.

6. A favorite complication is that of having mysterious shots fired at a character who is just exposing a new aspect of the evidence. The reader thereupon concludes that this new evidence is very interesting, although it will probably turn out to have no bearing at all on the case.

7. Another fine suspense item is obtained by making Character A the victim of a strange midnight assault at the very beginning of the book. Every move of Character A's thereafter will be attended by the reader with great gusto, in anticipation of another such assault. Need I say that no further assault is usually necessary?

PLOTS IN GENERAL, judging from this recent batch of reading, may be said to fall, with minor variations, into the following classifications:

(a.) A world-wide scheme of what the young English writers call "The Bolshies" to overthrow all governments is frustrated by two youthful, white-flanneled Britons.

(b.) A brilliant doctor—half lunatic—engages on some scheme to transplant for his own wild purposes the brains of prominent citizens.

(c.) A long and harrowing story of crime becomes so complex and excessive that the writer finds he has but a single exit, namely, a belated explanation that the whole business has been the work of a sect of devil-worshipers.

(d.) Ill luck will follow the unfortunate owner of the famous Riefschneider Emeralds—or Anspacher Opals, or any other old thing.

(e.) The suspected hero really had a renegade twin brother.

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The Movies

"The Barker"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

HARD ON THE heels of such promising talkies as "On Trial" and "Interference" comes "The Barker," a picture that would have been far better than it is if each and every one of its talking sequences had been replaced by the excellent silent drama displayed in the rest of the film.

Something like this *would* happen of course, just as our personal eulogies about the talking movies were beginning to find a respectful (if slightly apathetic) audience. The hammer squad is now in a position to point out the vocal portions of "The Barker" as proof positive that the suicide of the cinema has been at last brought about, just as they predicted.

These traducers will also draw your attention to another point they have dearly loved to make—that movie actors can't handle speaking parts.

"Look," they will say, "at Milton Sills, Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Compson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Each one of them gives a notable performance in the silent portions of "The Barker" and an undistinguished one in the talking parts. What did we tell you?" Et cætera, and so forth, far into the night.

All this, as far as "The Barker" goes, is regrettably true. It so happens, however, that George Fitzmaurice is responsible for the deficiencies of the piece, and for its many excellencies, in equal degree; and it isn't fair to blame the actors, or the Vitaphone. Every silent sequence showed what a fine movie director George Fitzmaurice is, and every bit of dialogue pointed accusingly to his limitations as a stage director.

Only the stuttering understudy for the real barker gave a truly professional reading to his lines. The mission of this character was to draw attention, by his own ineptitude, to Mr. Sills's talents as a ballyhoo artist. If the function of a barker is, as we conceive it, to entertain, the substitute made Mr. Sills's efforts look terribly pathetic.

This, in itself, should give an idea of how badly Mr. Fitzmaurice fell down. Every one who saw "The Barker" on the stage will remember that moment when Walter Huston, unable to stomach the inartistic efforts of his successor, stepped back on the platform he had abandoned forever, and went into his old specialty. It was a contrast vital to the author's conception of his principal character.

Another moment in the stage play that must stick in the mind of every spectator was the culmination of "Nifty" Miller's quarrel with his son, Chris, and the stifled agony of the "Oh, my God!" that followed the father's knockdown blow. Walter Huston made this a memorable episode—and Mr. Sills muffed it entirely. Or, since the line wasn't spoken at all, wasn't it Mr. Fitzmaurice who muffed it?

We mention these things in an effort to show that generalizations against the talking movie cannot justly use "The Barker" as a case in point. It is simply a bad job of "sound" direction help up to constant comparison with a superlative job of "silent" direction, and the fact that the same man did them both makes it all the more necessary to be fair about it.

Why get Milton Sills to inaugurate his talking career on the screen in such a difficult part as that of "Nifty" Miller? Walter Huston himself could have been lured to Hollywood for far less gold than Mr. Sills is said to draw down.

Why the attitude that no actor or actress can succeed on the screen unless he or she has passed a screen test?

It is because screen tests have been made of many stage notables with results that were better left to nestle in the archives. But bear in mind that the players who emerged from these tests with something less than a D minus were expected to appear well on the screen, act well on the screen, without benefit of voice.

But now—how can the screen-test standards apply? It is no easy task for us, personally, to picture Lynne Fontanne as being anything but a beautiful woman and a great artist, as much in a talking film as on the stage; granted that not hearing her speak would dim her lustre, allow us to point out that we *should* hear her speak. Let us add our belief that Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in an adaptation of "The Guardsman" would be as profitable an experiment as the talking pictures could make. A deal for their services would have to be made, of course, with the Theatre Guild, and it would have to be all cash. It seems at this time extremely doubtful that the Guild would consider any other players in trade.

A SCENE IN "THE BARKER"
Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Compson, Milton Sills, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

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Spring in an African September

By LUCY HARVIE POPE

The last boat brought the record of Lucy's first plunge into the interior of the Dark Continent. To be sure, her letter was written from a point which could hardly be considered more than the "dusky fringe." But traveling through the big game country on her way to the copper mine where she is to be installed as secretary to the manager, anything may happen before the next post comes through. This is the third of her articles for the Outlook and Independent

ON a bright spring day early in September, we started out from Capetown, heading north for the interior of Africa. Until you've tried it, you have no idea how much more interesting it is to do something on a spring day in September than on a spring day in, say, April or May. It puts you at once into a pleasant state of mental confusion, in which everything is turned upside down, wrong side out, and hind side before. You feel that any old thing is likely to happen; that you might even stand on your head in the public square with the utmost propriety. It almost becomes a matter of civic duty, in fact, to throw yourself into reverse in some way, in order to keep fully in tune with the universe.

The South African train is a new experience to one used to the commonplace, uneventful mode of travel in the States. There is nothing cut and dried about it out here. In the first place, you can't reserve any particular compartment ahead of time. You simply put yourself down for a berth, then when the proper time comes, you go to the station, walk up and down the train, and look for your name pasted on a window.

The trains are built on the general lines of those on the Continent, with four berths to a compartment, so that the question of who and how many you are going to draw as sleeping companions is always one of burning interest, just as the grab-bag used to be when you were taken as a child to a church sociable. Who doesn't remember the terrific thrill attached to the grab, which lasted up to the moment when the prize turned out to be a broken whistle?

Eating is featured by the railways of South Africa. Beginning with early morning tea, the day is a merry round of meals. The early morning tea is quite a little event in itself. First there is a loud and furious thundering on the door, at about five o'clock. Thinking the train had jumped the tracks at least, I leaped up, snatching hastily at my clothes, to find the face of a dining-car steward beaming amiably through the door.

"You wish tea, Madam?" he inquired. Restraining an oath with difficulty, I declined more firmly than politely to have anything to do with tea. I had no more than got back to sleep, however, when the door again shook under a renewed onslaught. This time it was another steward, bearing tea.

"Your tea, Madam," he remarked, pushing a small tray through the door. I pushed it back.

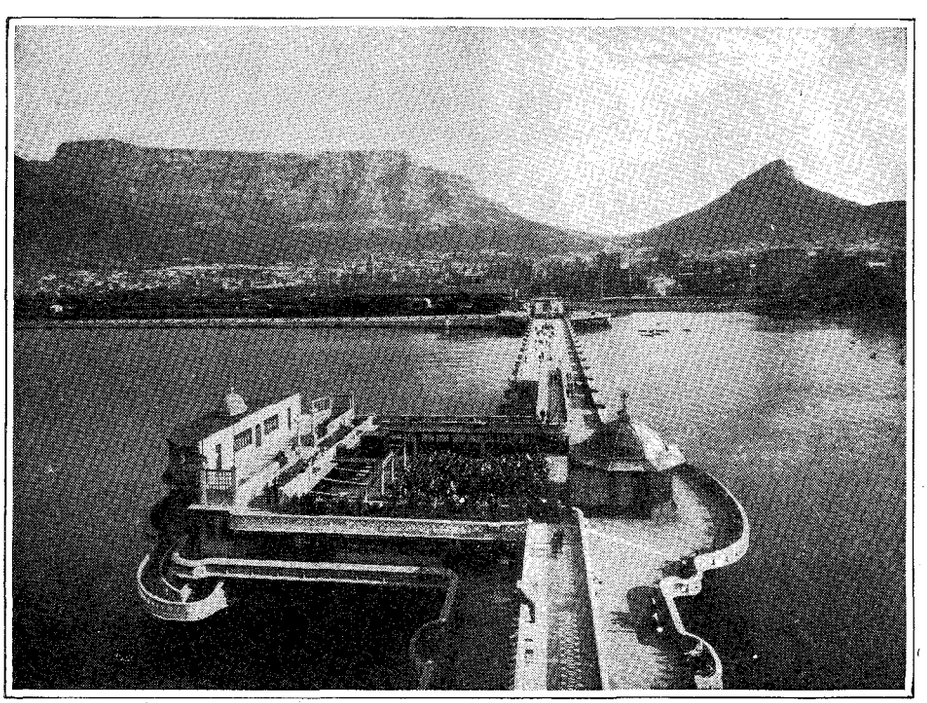
"Not my tea," I replied. "I don't take tea—now or ever."

He retired, looking baffled and displeased. It was evident that in his opinion passengers who did not take tea were less than the dust beneath his chariot wheels.

Once more I succeeded in getting back to sleep; once more came the devastating knocking. A third steward had arrived to collect the tea tray. His chagrin at finding that I had none was intense. He rushed back to the dining car to repair the omission, returning with tea and copious apologies.

This time I took it without a word. My naïve idea that I didn't wish to drink tea at six o'clock in the morning was no match for this practically universal determination to see that I did drink it. I was far beyond the stage by this time where words would have been of any use to me anyway. The only adequate action would have been to hurl the man and his tea tray from the train; and the question as to whether one can go about Africa doing this and still retain one's technical rating as a lady is of course open to debate.

After the early morning tea struggle is over, you go into the dining car for breakfast. All menus, in fact everything of a public nature in South Africa is written twice; once in English, and once in Afrikaanse, a language that has to be seen to be believed. In Afrikaanse, I made a simple meal of Koffie, koppie, met Brook of Koek, followed by Roosterbrood met Botter, per sny, and Eiers, gebak of gekook, elk. That is my story, and I shall stick to it; if any one takes exception, let him register his protest with the Suid-



Underwood

CAPE TOWN

Table Mountain and Lion's Head from Pier

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Afrikaanse Spoorwee en Hawens, verversings-department, from whose menu I copied it to make sure.

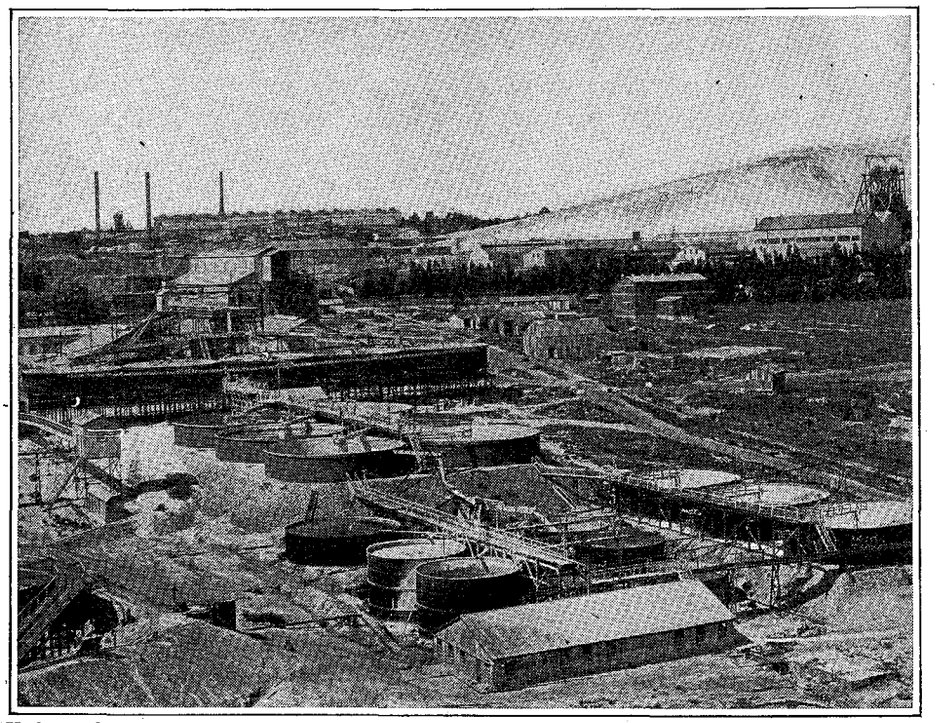
Shortly after breakfast you are summoned to mid-morning tea, which occurs around ten-thirty. At about twelve lunch is served; then afternoon tea at four, and dinner at six-thirty. Before going to bed, the thing to do is to return to the dining car for a final snack. The dining car apparently never closes; service is the watchword from dawn till midnight; if you arrive undernourished at your destination, you have no one but yourself to blame. The railroad has done its best to feed you.

As you get further from the Cape, and into Bechuanaland, you realize more and more that you are indeed in Africa. This fact is brought home to you by the natives, in all stages of dress and undress, who swarm around the train at each stop, in a dense, black cloud. Most of them have things to sell: skins of animals, beads, baskets, grotesque but spirited leopards and elephants and dolls carved from wood, pawpaws, or even eggs. The stock price of the smaller articles is invariably two and six to start with but is usually lowered to a shilling or sixpence before the train pulls out.

The bargaining is accompanied by many grins and giggles; in fact the thing that strikes you most about these people in passing is their extreme good humor. They seem to be in a perpetual gale of merriment; they laugh when they make a sale, they laugh just as heartily when they don't. Several times some one, evidently an alumnus of the custard-pie school of humor, threw a pan of water from the car window into the faces of the crowd outside; but even the ones that got soaked took it as a huge joke, and joined in the howls of mirth at their own expense.

A fancy variety of dentistry is favored by these blacks, a great many of whom have their teeth filed in the most fantastic manner, with scallops and points predominating. I saw a few wearing nose-rings, or with their ears stretched around enormous earrings, but the emphasis on the whole was placed on the teeth, giving a very piquant expression to the smile.

Most of the children were dressed as nature intended, and most of them had appallingly protruding stomachs, that looked as if they must have been the original inspiration for the tom-tom. It gives you an uneasy feeling to watch them, for you can't help thinking that it is a question of a few minutes at best before their tight little middles must burst wide open.



Underwood

JOHANNESBURG—CROWN MILLS

Except for the miles of white dumps, it might be any busy town in the West

Johannesburg, except for the miles of white dumps from the gold mines, that surround the city like a high, gleaming wall, might be any up and coming town in the West. Its atmosphere is bustling and alive, its shops modern, and its homes attractive. The painful feature about it is the lump of gold ore at one of the mines, which the officials say you can have if you can carry it away with you. It is smaller than a man's head, but is chock full of gold, and of course you can't move it; which is most disconcerting, because it looks so very easy. Next time I go I shall take an elephant along, and fool them.

In the zoo at Bulawayo, there is a lion, said to be the largest in captivity in the world. I went to see him accompanied by another member of our party. The lion had retired to his room, and declined to come out in the yard and be looked at. So we went around to the back of the house, where there was a window a little way above our heads. My intrepid friend climbed up, and reported the lion sleeping on the floor. He then boosted me up, so that I could take a look. Just as I got my face firmly wedged into the window, the lion rose, put his face in the window too, within a few inches of mine, and blew violently. If you don't think a lion can blow, just step out to the Bronx some afternoon and hold a blowing contest with one of them.

"Let me down," I shouted, in a frenzy, "Let me *down!*"

"No, no," cried my friend, gallantly, thinking I was simply trying to be considerate of his shoulders. "You're not heavy—stay there!"

I was on the point of passing from a frenzy into a convulsion, when the lion evidently decided that he didn't care for the view any more than I did, for after taking one good look, he turned and galloped out into the yard.

My friend laughed rudely all the way home, and later made things much worse by tactlessly pointing out the undeniable fact that a set of features capable of producing such an effect upon a lion might turn out to be a great asset, in case I ever meet one roaming loose.

The only animal that I can truthfully claim to have seen in its wild state so far is a solitary monkey, up a tree. I just missed one good bet; for on a boat trip up the Zambesi River from Livingstone, the owner told us that only the day before a hippo, in a fit of annoyance, had bitten a large piece out of the bottom of one of his motor launches. We are rapidly whirling through the big game country, however, and I hang practically inverted from the train window most of the time, hoping for the best.

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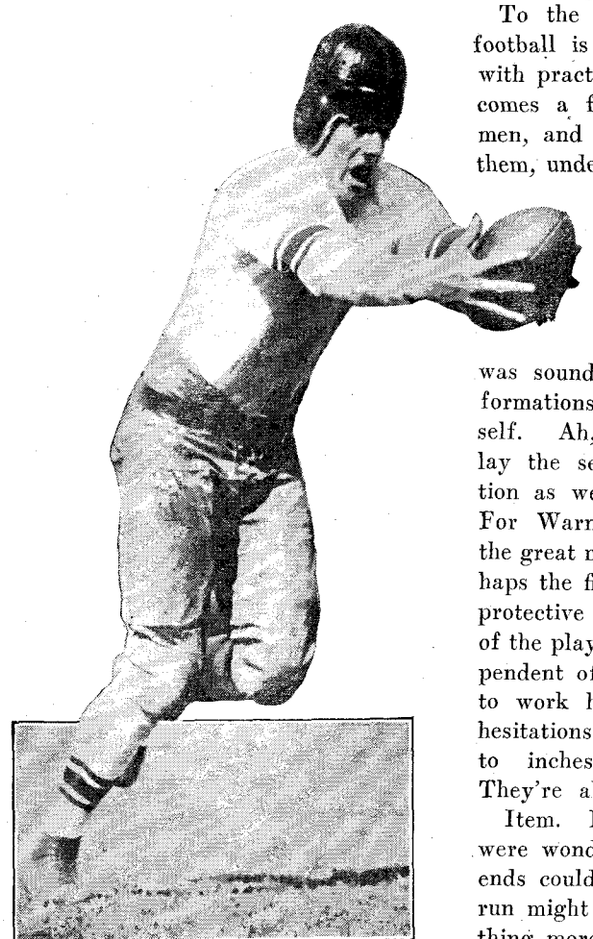
Football Turns Cardinal

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

RINGS on his fingers; gone are his woes; we shall have football wherever he goes. Referring of course, to Glenn S. ("Pop") Warner, the idolized head coach of Stanford University. More than twenty years ago Pop showed us football at Cornell University. Later he tore up the gridiron world with his picturesque and never to be forgotten Carlisle Indians. Thence he hied him to Pittsburgh whence he sent out many a football avalanche. Toward the close of that period, however, dissension of one sort or another arose, and the great, perhaps the greatest, coach was unhappy in his environment. The move to Palo Alto was the finest thing that could have happened to Pacific Coast football and to Warner himself. Stanford and Warner found themselves in perfect rapport from the start. Warner found the material, the man power—highly intelligent poundage—of his dreams, and Stanford found the gridiron teacher of its sunny siesta visions.

Thus it was that a greatly mellowed and very happy warrior came East leading a splendid set of athletes and sportsmen to do battle with the stubborn Army before a huge Eastern crowd in the Yankee Stadium. Despite the one-sided score, the obvious fact that the cadet eleven was sub-normal physically and perhaps worn mentally, the game was one of the brilliant spectacles of the year, and the exhibition of play, on one side at least, pratically perfect plus. Here was one thing produced exactly as advertised. Several times I have said that Warner keeps his promises. He kept this one to the hilt. As for the trip of 3,000 miles east. What of it? Frank Morse, the great Princeton halfback of the early nineties, and now a newspaper man on the Pacific Coast, came east just after the war when the Tigers were tempted to proceed thither for a post-season game—he came to dissuade Princeton from the undertaking, and succeeded. At the same time he said to me: "Mentally and physically your teams go downhill travelling westward. Eastward they would go uphill. Get one of these teams out my way to go east—uphill mentally and physically—with the treat in store of a day or two in New York, and they will show you such football as you haven't seen in a long time. Once on the eastern field with a sniff of eastern November air in their nostrils, and they won't just merely run, they'll prance."

Here was a true prophet. But as a matter of fact the arrangement by which Stanford was put on the cadet schedule for the season's climax game, was far better than any East-West championship post season game ever could have been. It was a real case of hands across a continent, a new relationship that had nothing to do with sectionalism, a pleasant relationship between the Army and Stanford University—a relationship that is to go on. Thus while the game was a splendid treat for New Yorkers and for all western visitors, the matter of victory was subordinated to its proper place. The stands were full of men and women rooting for good football first, and one team or the other incidentally. No visiting eleven, not even Notre Dame, always popular in New York, ever got a greater reception or made more newfound friends. Enough for that. Now to our game, brilliant enough to charm the spectator little versed in the intricacies of football, and yet reeking of the high class gridiron technique so fascinating to the expert.



Underwood

THE CARDINALS' CAPTAIN

"Biff" Hoffman, under whose smashing leadership Stanford crumbled the Army defense

To the expert Warner's brand of football is always absorbing. Played with practically perfect material it becomes a form of field chess. These men, and there are not too many of them, understand a great deal more of Warner's methods than the man merely looking for novelties. I heard one man say: "He had a bag full of tricks." Far from it. What he had was sound and versatile football, the formations broadcast by Warner himself. Ah, but the detail! Therein lay the secret. Perfection of execution as well as deception and power. For Warner is in the last analysis the great master of detail. He was perhaps the first to go into the subject of protective bandaging—the building up of the player's armor on his body, independent of his suit. He was the first to work his attack—its intervals, its hesitations and its resumptions—down to inches and fifths of seconds. They're all on that track now.

Item. Many years ago when coaches were wondering whether after all, the ends could not be swept, and the end run might not be attempted for something more than mere position, with chances of effectiveness greatly enhanced, Warner came into a meeting of the National Collegiate Athletic Association bearing a huge enlargement of a snapshot of one of his best sweep plays. Over it he all but raged, all but wept. "There," he said, "look at that. See those guards swinging out into the interference? And they tell you it cannot be done." Well, we've been looking at that picture translated into motion ever since. And some defences are still looking long after the play has gone on. It was to be expected, therefore, that Pop would teach his

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Stanford wonders a simple but varied attack that made use of every offensive weapon known to football. Earlier this season this attack never quite carried clear through to its logical conclusion. It functioned in bursts of wonderful power and speed and deception. Against the Army, however, this team reached the heights that Warner had set out to scale. The few errors merely emphasized the beauty of the stirring and inexorable advance, whether on the ground or in the air. And the men who touched the ball bluffed with it and then passed it around like a visiting card.

The famed wing back formation tended to spread the Army defense, and this was reinforced by criss-crosses and delays behind a hard charging line that gave time for the deception behind it and then opened boulevards through the cadet forwards. To one looking down upon it from the upper stand, it was all simple, all sound enough. But to it, the huge Stanford forwards added their own personal exuberance, Hoffman, Fleishacker, Wilton, Lewis, Frentrup, and many more backs, slipping along with all the appearance of so many white ghosts, but striking, when at last the Army defense did hit them, with all the shock of several tons of coal.

To the soldiers facing this attack it must have appeared like a swarm of malevolent white goblins. Weary as they were under the terrific pressure forced upon them, it was plain that despite all the scouting done by West Point, they had a none too well prepared defense. The delays and criss-crosses inveigled the guards from their positions, and the swinging forwards of Palo Alto simply obliterated the tackles. The Army's principal defense, indeed, was raw courage. In that, of course, they were never lacking, even when backs had to be called from the bench to go in and plug up the line.

Luckily for me I found myself sitting near Bob Zuppke, the coach of Illinois, which is to engage the Army another year. I began to wonder why Cagle did not widen out a bit and spear some of those slanting passes, so apt to be boomerangs when not perfectly executed. "Yes," said the little Westerner, "but look at that hole!" Sure enough. That was it. These passes and the tackle drives and slants were all made from the same bluff and delay. To the right of Cagle was the open space for the pass. To the left of Cagle was a speedway through the line, the tackle smothered, all ready for a run If Cagle went wide it was a run, if Cagle closed in it was a pass. And so the Cardinal attack throughout. There was always an alternative on every play. And the play could be changed even while in motion. Warner had on tap plays that were preparations for the pass, passes that were preparations for the runs. Perfection, that.

Now another plume for Warner's headdress. He spiked for all time, I hope, the stupid saying that in football "the best offense is the best defense." It is not now, and never was. No team with a poor defense can hope to be ranked in the first class, or as capably coached. It happened that Warner's defense was superb. I wonder how many of the closest observers caught the deep pass defense against Keener Cagle's wonderful heaves. With smashing ends chasing Cagle, who had little or no protection from his line, the truly great Army back had to take a world of room, frequently to reverse his field. Once he must have travelled fifty yards, right, left and back, before he delivered the ball. With deep pass receivers down the field it was obvious that vigilance against a short pass, with which West Point seemed to be only casually equipped, could be relaxed. Whereupon the Stanford tackles swung back and raced for the deep defense zone, so that when the pass finally took the air there were seven "out-fielders" playing the ball. This again is perfection.

With Army's line both outfoxed and outplayed Warner could safely fall back most of the time on a six-man forward wall, a three-man secondary, and a two-man ultimate. That Cagle, two or three classes above any other man, including Murrell, in his own backfield, and receiving almost no protection from his line, performed the way he did, was the season's wonder in football.

It was not merely Stanford pressure, but also the Army policy of gambling all the time, plus miserable kicking, that made almost every play of Cagle's one against all the odds in football. Throughout the first half the soldier defense held together fairly well, but almost always in tight places, whither it had been forced by a poor plan of defense against Warner's midfield attack. Thus Cagle had to fight out of holes nearly all the afternoon. Once or twice, the few times he fought his way to the offensive,—yes, twice—he lost touchdowns by the ineptness of his pass receivers. The most spectacular pass of the game, the long one to the northwestern corner, made after a reverse run, when he had five or six men on top of him, was lost through the failure of two eligible men in the clear to decide as to which was to take the ball. It hit one, was caught by the other, and so had to be ruled an incompleted forward pass. This was a heart-breaker, for it would have made the score at half time at least 6-6, and so would have put the soldiers in the fighting. The other lost pass, straight into the receiver's hands, was muffed.

Eventually the terrific pressure told, the Army tackling fell away to nothing, as on Frentrup's 70-yard run for a touchdown on his own fumble, and the soldiers gave an imitation of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The game was burning up behind them. Through it all Christian Keener Cagle stood out like a good deed in a naughty world. The man was unshakable. They didn't even bury him with his mantle wrapped around him, for he fought courageously, intelligently, to the last. Cagle was never licked this day.

This was a wonderful line that Warner brought along. The center trio, Reinecke, Post and Robesky, was probably that day the best, considered as a trio, in this broad land. Sellman gave a gorgeous exhibition of tackle play, and Preston gave a perfect exhibition of the smashing end, the type that I believe to be everlastingly correct no matter what any coach may say. Fleishacker, the 204-pound quarterback, Hoffman, the burly fullback, these were terrific rams on the drives and the slants, while the rest of the backfield would have delighted the heart of any coach. Fleishacker's generalship was practically without flaw. He set out to demonstrate the superiority of his team from the start and did it.

Army made just one real contribution to advanced football, but it was most important, and for that Biff Jones and his staff should get full credit. This was the running back of kick-offs. It was built around a nucleus of players in the geographical center of the receiving zone, and toward this little group the catcher ran, whether Murrell or Cagle or anyone else. It produced two corking runs, and served twice to put the Army in the attacking position. It is worth the study of any coach and any team.

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The Atterberg Mystery

By EUGENE BONNER

MUSICAL WATERS are seldom calm, and very little is needed to ruffle the surface even under the most ordinary circumstances. But if by any chance some malicious individual or group really wants to start something, let a prize competition of any kind be instituted, and a good old-fashioned typhoon is let loose.

A little over a year ago the Columbia Phonograph Company announced an International Composer's Contest as part of the Schubert Centenary celebration. A prize of $10,000 was offered for "an original symphonic work in one or more movements, presented as an apotheosis of the lyrical genius of Schubert, and dedicated to his memory on the occasion of the centennial of his death."

The contest opened in September, 1927, and closed in May, 1928. The international grand jury consisted of the following members: Austria, Franz Schalk; England, Donald Francis Tovey; France, Alfred Bruneau; Germany, Max von Schillings; Italy, Franco Alfano; Poland, Emil Mlynarski; Russia, Alexander Glazunoff; Scandinavia, Carl Neilsen; Spain, A. Salazar; United States, Walter Damrosch.

About five hundred works were submitted from twenty-six countries. After solemn deliberation the jury, which met in Vienna, awarded the prize to Kurt Atterberg of Stockholm, Sweden. Professor Max von Schillings in making the award stated that Mr. Atterberg's score was chosen "for the quality of its melodic line, healthy themes and good construction," adding further that this symphony "fully realized the purposes of the contest."

The Atterberg Symphony had its first performance in Cologne, October 16, 1928, the second in Copenhagen, November 7, the third in Manchester, England, November 8, and the fourth in London, November 12. The fifth performance took place in New York on November 21, when the work was played by the Philharmonic Symphony Society under the direction of Willem Mengelberg.

Now the first movement of this Symphony No. 6, in C Major, as it is listed on the program, is not altogether uninteresting and is effectively scored, although we were well sat on by Pitts Sanborn and Herbert Peyser for allowing it even that. The composer makes use of no new idioms, rhythms or, to tell the truth, themes. It is the work of a serious musician who has an exemplary memory. Reminders of "Scheherezade," the "New World Symphony" and "Petrouchka" fly merrily through the air, served up at the end with a fine resounding smash.

The second movement apparently started a "back to Schubert" trek only to get caught in the Puccini flypaper, always spread alluringly in the path of the young. The last movement was commonplace, trivial and ineffective.

NOW THE fun starts. Since the première of this symphony in Cologne SIX weeks ago, and after its various succeeding performances elsewhere, the unfavorable reviews of the work have been gradually mounting in a steadily rising tide. All the more important critics have been practically unanimous in declaring the work to be well-constructed, musicianly and so on, but have almost without exception denied that it possessed any claim to originality in any form whatever.

Now comes a statement from Mr. Atterberg to the effect that the whole work was in reality nothing but a musical joke, that he had drawn his material from the classical composers in many cases, and that the entire affair had been a good joke on the critics, none of whom (according to him) had seen through the hoax, Ernest Newman alone excepted.

"Newman is quite right," Atterberg is reported from Copenhagen as saying, "On this, as on many former occasions, I have written my compositions jokingly. None of those critics who have attacked my symphony have shown enough ability to recognize the classical literature of music when they heard it. Possibly I may be unmasked through gramophone records, but it has proved impossible for the critics who tried to find faults in my symphony to unmask them by reading the score or hearing the music. So far the laugh has been on my side."

We hate to be trite, but Kurt Atterberg should remember the old proverb of the last laugh. If the Swedish composer, music critic, and civil engineer did really compose this work with his tongue in his cheek, did it never occur to him that to enter such a composition in this particular contest was not exactly in the best of taste?

Some Scandinavian writers intimate that the idea of the joke occurred too late to be altogether acceptable or convincing. Frederick Sard, director of the Schubert Centennial Contest, and an officer of the Columbia Phonograph Company, points out that Atterberg could not have carried out such a hoax without enlisting the eminent musicians who served on the jury in a conspiracy to deceive the music critics of the whole world, which, he adds, is a ridiculous assumption. Mr. Sard also alluded to the possibility that the composer, mortified and angry at the unfavorable reception of his symphony by his fellow critics, was attempting at this late day to pass it off as a hoax.

If it finally transpires that the gentleman, and we still give him the benefit of the doubt, has in truth used this important competition to have a little fun of his own, then let his fellow composers get ready the melted lead and boiling oil.

Music is music and jokes are jokes, in spite of the fact that the two do sometimes get mixed up inadvertantly, but if Kurt Atterberg wrote his symphony as a joke, submitted it as a joke, and then accepted the $10,000 in deadly earnest, all we have to say is that in our opinion the gentleman in question has carried this particular joke just a little too far.

ANOTHER NOVELTY for New York was the ballet "Apollon Musagète" of Igor Stravinsky given in concert form by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Koussevitsky.

This work, scored for strings only, was first given at Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge's Chamber Music Festival in the Library of Congress last spring, having been commissioned by her. It was then given in its ballet form with Adolf Bolm as Apollo.

The music, while not exactly great, proved to be interesting from the point of view of style, the pseudo-archaic mode of the scoring evoking imaginary scenes of splendor at the court of Le Roi Soleil.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

AT MACY'S we saw a small exhibit of modern china and glass, which interested us, since the designs were not too radically bizarre, yet were at the same time a simplification and a departure from traditional styles. Also they were reasonable in price. American, French, English, Italian and German manufacturers were represented. The one illustrated is an English ware which is called Snakestone porcelain. Leigh ware, a recent American contribution, we liked. The lines were simple and good, the color a sort of pinkish cream. Some of it had a red and black flower design, and some had a silver line and three green wheat stalks, but we liked the plain best. We think we like plain china anyway. It is so seldom that the food on the plate harmonizes with the design. We don't mean in color necessarily, though we are never quite at ease drinking water from a blue glass. It makes us feel as if we were dining with the Borgias. What we mean is: an Indian curry on a plate showing a snow scene, or—what we once had served to us—rather underdone pork on a plate covered with forget-me-nots.

Simplification in any form, whether you call it modern or not, is praiseworthy. Some of the stores are showing so-called modern china which has merely been complicated and made ugly in a stupid effort to get away from tradition. We hope that a great deal of this ugly stuff will soon come under the hammer—and we don't mean the hammer of the auctioneer. Carrie Nation could have felt no more joy in smashing a plate glass bar mirror than would we in completely wrecking a tea set we saw yesterday all of whose members were pyramidal in shape, and whose surface was covered with meaningless silver snail tracks. Some people, we suppose, buy these things; somewhere, no doubt, happy faces are gathered about a tea table covered with such monstrosities. But it seems too bad that the word "Modern" should be made to cover such a multitude of sins. For the best of the modern stuff is very good indeed. Its excellence is beginning to show up the pieces which try to be Modern and are only queer. Before long, we think there will be enough of the good pieces to give people a fair idea of what modern stuff should be—and what it shouldn't.

Courtesy R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.

SOME MODERN ENGLISH CHINA

At Mitteldorfer Straus's we saw a number of nice small gifts. Low candlesticks of pewter and brass whose bases are five-pointed stars. Brass bottle openers, corkscrews, corks and cigarette extinguishers with tops which were amusing animals — rabbits, roosters, dogs and so on. Place cards with miniature flower pots containing bright colored flowers on the corners. A coffee, liqueur and cigarette set comprising a silver tray on which fit coffee cup, liqueur glass and cigarette. Combination book ends and ash trays of blue glass—a woman holding up her apron, which forms the tray. Book ends in earthenware the size of an octavo volume, Persian blue in color. Glass ash trays shaded by a little tree with green leaves. A terrestrial globe, illuminated within, which would make a splendid night light, since with it you could improve sleepless nights by the study of geography. A package of writing paper, made like a book, very convenient to carry and use, since it opens as a book would. A droll and really amusing long-legged doll called the Village Vamp, with flaxen braids, a turned up nose and coyly lowered eyelids. Peasant dolls—Breton, we think—with the most characterful and beautifully executed faces we have seen. And a lot of other things not susceptible of description.

OH, YES, and we know where you can get chocolates for four dollars a pound, and very nice, too—also glacés fruits—in 1, 1½, 2½ and 5-pound boxes, if you want to do something sort of extra special in the candy line.

THERE'S an imported, three-in-one chair for the nursery, which when folded as a high chair has a tray for food; as a nursery chair has a leather head pad; and as a play chair on rollers has a large play tray with gay counters on each side. It's finished in natural wood color, and costs about $9.

THE United States Rubber Company is making a new and very attractive looking overshoe for women called Gaytees. That is, two of them together make a pair of Gaytees; one would be just a Gaytee, we suppose. They have cross straps and turn down cuffs, slip on and off easily, have four different heel heights, are made in wool, rayon and wool, and rubber in several colors.

THERE'S another new electric toaster on the market. This one toasts sandwiches, and toasts 'em whole, so to speak. That is, you don't have to turn them over.

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Speaking of Books for Christmas

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

More Books for Every Taste

PICTURE books are good Christmas presents, even for grown people. The most beautiful, this year, is "Oriental Art," a hundred plates in color illustrating ceramics, fabrics and carpets with introduction and descriptions by MM. Koechlin and Migeon of the French National Museums (Macmillan). This is expensive but invaluable. The brief essays on the separate subjects will give the reader a certain understanding of the technical aspects of Oriental design, and the beauty of the plates will give endless delight to all lovers of color and line.

A substantial present of permanent value and an addition to any library is the edition of "Montaigne's Essays," Florio's translation, recently published in three volumes by Dutton. You will scarcely need to be reminded that Lytton Strachey's brilliant historical essay, "Elizabeth and Essex" (Harcourt, Brace) would be the perfect present for those of your friends who delight in precise and vivid prose. The book will be reviewed next week by Ernest Boyd.

Another good present for the family clergyman, besides the two described elsewhere, would be "The Life of Moses" by Edmond Fleg, translated by Stephen H. Guest (Dutton). It is an extremely interesting effort at the biography of an almost legendary figure, written with poetic imagination and with a fine sense of fitness in language.

"The History of British Civilization," by Esme Wingfield Stratton (Harcourt, Brace, 2 volumes) is another book which will be of permanent value to the friend to whom you give it. It is a reinterpretation of British history from the days of the Piltdown skull to those of the World War, by an original and brilliant mind, and its narrative style makes it as attractive to the casual reader as to scholars. This is a good choice for some one to whom you wish to make an impressive gift.

Your friends who like readable biography will enjoy "Louis XIV," by Louis Bertaud, translated by Cleveland B. Chase (Longmans). This is based on solid research and written with the spontaneity of a novelist. There is sufficient psychological speculation to clarify the characterizations, and sufficient enthusiasm to animate the narrative.

If you have a friend in the telephone business, he will enjoy the life of "Alexander Graham Bell," by Catherine Mackenzie (Houghton, Mifflin), a simply written book, unbiased and well documented and enriched with quotation from letters and with photographs and cartoons. And newspapermen will like "The James Gordon Bennetts," by Don C. Seitz (Bobbs-Merrill), a good picture of the "golden age of American journalism."

There is valuable new material in "Mary, the Wife of Lincoln," by Katherine Helm (Harper). The diary of Mrs. Lincoln's sister is the basis of this book which does much to reconstruct the private life of the Lincolns, and to rehabilitate the "most misunderstood woman in American history." This interesting and infinitely moving book would be a particularly appropriate present for a woman who remembers the later years of Mary Todd Lincoln's life.

For those who read primarily for information "Propaganda," by Edward L. Bernays (Liveright), will be of interest. It will tell them briefly how their opinions, tastes and ideals are formed for them. It is a useful book, and so simply written, so insistent in its repetitions that even the most gullible should realize, after reading it, what propaganda is, what it does *and how!* If you have on your list a business man who has South American connections, "The New Map of South America," by Herbert Adams Gibbons (Century), which is considered of sufficient accuracy and value to have been taken along on Mr. Hoover's trip, will be of great use to him. And "Mexico and Its Heritage," by Ernest Gruening (Century), is an invaluable book and a necessity to any one who would pretend to intelligence in Latin American affairs. Students and government officials alike should read it since they will find in it more information about Mexico than can be found in any other one place, and no prejudice whatsoever. Furthermore, although written for the purpose of contributing toward a better understanding by Americans of Mexican problems and of the historic background which has created them, it is written with so much regard for readability that the general reader will find it absorbing.

"The English Bible and Its Story," by James Baikie (Lippincott), is a book that the family minister would like, but it is hardly limited to him in its appeal. Dr. Baikie is a well-known student of early Mediterranean civilizations, an archeologist and a competent scholar.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A mechanical but often touching story of three generations. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Lily Christine, by Michael Arlen: Doubleday, Doran. Though marred by his usual glittering superficiality, this dramatic story of a woman too good to live in an unfeeling and unbelieving world is more dignified and more sincere than Arlen's previous work; and while pleasing those who have admired his books, it will also surprise those who have not.

The Father, by Katherine Holland Brown: The John Day Co. To be reviewed later.

Joshua's Vision, by William J. Locke: Dodd, Mead & Co. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Penelope's Man, by John Erskine: Bobbs-Merrill. Back with Homer, Erskine is better off than since he left Helen, and his portrait of Ulysses, the incurable philanderer, unable to resist women, and driven by "the homing instinct" to a wife and a fireside in every port, is funny, lit up by flashes of sharp irony, and uniformly readable.

Non-Fiction

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin. Not so fine as the Marshall biography, but an important book. Reviewed Oct. 3.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. There is some re-assuring and some disappointing work in this. Reviewed Oct. 31.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

Meet General Grant, by W. E. Woodward: Liveright. Another "de-bunking" biography. To be reviewed later by Van Wyck Brooks.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

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But what makes his books of interest to the general reader, as they invariably are, is their easy, vivid style and their perfect readability. We can think of at least six different types of people who would like this book. Any one with even a moderately good library would welcome it as a permanent addition.

"Ananias or the False Artist", by Walter Pach (Harper), is an excellent choice for any one interested in the fine arts. It is calculated to provoke a riot in the home of any museum curator, art patron, picture dealer or member of the committee to select the painting and sculpture for the new statehouse to whom you may give it. Mr. Pach is himself a recognized artist, but he grinds no axe, upholds no school, attacks no group. His enemy is bad art, and no matter how big it is or how powerful, this courageous David lets fly with a good honest sling shot.

"The Dilemma of American Music," by Daniel Gregory Mason (Macmillan), will do some of the same things for those who think that Apollo is in his America and all is right with the musical world. It is a collection of interesting and honest papers and will delight serious and argumentative music lovers. For those equally musical but less inclined to controversy there are "Schubert, the Man," by Oscar Bie, translated by Jean Starr Untermeyer for The Schubert Centennial (Dodd, Mead), and "Franz Schubert's Letters," edited by Otto Deutsch (Knopf).

"Curious Trials and Criminal Cases," by Edward H. Bierstadt (Coward-McCann), will entertain any one with a taste for crimes and criminals and with a curiosity about the mysteries of justice as she is done. If you happen to remember the name of General Sickles in connection with G. A. R. parades and Decoration Day speeches in your childhood, you will come across something about him in this book which will delay your wrapping and ribboning for some hours. Few of the trials described are to be found in other collections now in print.

"The Best Short Stories of 1928," edited by E. J. O'Brien, (Dodd, Mead), and "The O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1928," (Doubleday, Doran), will provide a whole family of assorted tastes and interests with many evenings' entertainment.

"Sonnets," by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan), and "Best Poems of 1928," selected by Thomas Moult (Harcourt, Brace), will please all lovers of poetry. The sonnets are reprinted from Robinson's collected works, putting much of his finest short verse into pleasantly handleable form. And the Best Poems is quite gift-booky, if you like that, having charming head and tail pieces, and engravings in the text.

"An Anthology of World Poetry," compiled by Mark Van Doren (A. & C. Boni), would be, though, the very best present for poetry lovers, because it will suit all tastes, and will do for a whole family. It would be a nice "family" present, in fact. It is a big book giving an excellent selection of English and American verse and an amazing one from the poetry of other languages, in translation, the work of poets from Chaucer down and themselves fine English poetry. Every one will find favorites omitted, and polyglots will prefer their French or German or Spanish verse in the original. But no one can fail to find pleasure in the whole, or to cherish such an addition to his library. The book fairly represents the poetry of the world. It is the best sort of Christmas present.

"The Story of France," by Paul Van Dyke (Scribner), and "The Enchantress," by Helen E. Henderson (Houghton, Mifflin), will delight any lover of France. The first is, apart from other things, a remarkable achievement. It is a narrative history of France from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon III compressed into five hundred pages: that is, each page must present the dynastic, political, religious and social history of four years. And, incredibly, it does. Readers of Dr. Van Dyke's splendid Catherine de Medici will naturally not find here the massed detail of that book. But they will find the same scholarship without pedantry, the same careful presentation of fact, the same unprejudiced judgement and the same thorough readability. "The Story of France" is a book for the old lover of France and her history to keep on his shelf for reference, a book to turn to when he wants one succinct paragraph to describe a reign or a school of thought. And to the beginning admirer it will give, in spite of brevity, some understanding of the peculiar genius of France, some suggestion of her contribution to the common treasure of man.

"Wandering Wheels," by Jan and Cora Gordon (Dodd, Mead), will delight any friend of yours who is fond of motor trips. In it, two writing and painting vagabonds describe their trip through the roadside camps of the Eastern States from Bar Harbor to Savannah, in an old sedan car. Shrewd, sensible, slyly humorous, cheerfully tolerant, they see and report on everything from artists' colonies to cotton fields, and discover much that is still picturesque in the American rural scene. The illustrations, in black and white and color, are charming.

"The Caribbean Cruise," by Harry L. Foster (Dodd, Mead), would be an excellent present for any one contemplating a trip south this winter, or for any one whom you wish to entice that way. It is useful and entertainingly written, and suggests those invaluable Guides Bleus which add so much to the pleasure of travel by providing an historical background to geographical facts.

"Paris Salons, Cafés and Studios," by Sisley Huddleston (Lippincott), will be a source of long amusement and pleasure to any one who knows Paris or who is interested in the lives of the American Bohemians there, in French academic circles, in the Parisian beau monde, or in the rich

A PEDDLER AND HIS WIFE IN ANGRY STRIFE
Illustration by John Bennett from "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo" (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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American circle about the Trocadero. It is a lively, unconventional account of the author's long association with Parisian celebrities of all sorts, full of anecdotes, names, character sketches, gossip and everything else that goes to make amusing memoirs. It is fluently and charmingly written, and well illustrated.

"Bonnet and Shawl," by Philip Guedella (Putnam), groups sketches of the real wives of Carlyle, Gladstone, Arnold, Disraeli, Tennyson and Palmerston, and of the imaginary wives of Henry James, Swinburne and the Goncourts, done with considerable malice, yet with understanding and delicacy. Certainly to reduce a hero's stature you need only look at him from his wife's point of view. When even his valet sees him colossal, to his wife he frequently appears a small and rather pathetic figure. Wives of great men certainly remind us, not that we can make our lives sublime, but that we would do well to keep a sense of proportion when we set up to be giants.

More Americana for Your Christmas List

The Making of Buffalo Bill. By Richard J. Walsh: Bobbs-Merrill.

THAT this book is the biography of a notable and interesting figure is somewhat incidental to the fact that it is an exceedingly curious study in the origins of American mythology; and that Mr. Walsh is entirely aware of this is quite evident from his use of the word "makings" on the title page. Buffalo Bill emerges from his mummy wrappings not less heroic than before, but infinitely more human for the very real pathos with which his life was touched.

Mr. Walsh has not only written well, with a sense of dramatic values and a keen appreciation of the humor of much of his material, but he has done a very thorough piece of research. It is safe to say that his book presents the truth about Buffalo Bill, so far as that truth will ever be known. The truly remarkable thing is that press agents, dime novelists and fatuous relatives have so overshadowed the real man with the straw one of their invention that the story of the first twenty years of Cody's life has been almost completely lost, and considerable guess work remains to be done even after that time. This is really important. Here is a man who was born in 1846 and who died in 1917. For a good fifty out of his seventy years he was a public character. And yet today, ten years after his death, it is almost impossible accurately to distinguish fact from falsehood in writing his history. Since this is true of Cody may it not also be equally true of other of our national heroes? The American press agent is apparently making the task of the historian and the biographer increasingly difficult. Mr. Walsh's book should be read not only because it is an interesting study of a peculiar American type, but because it is of immense significance in its analysis of the materials and methods that go to the construction of a popular idol.

E. H. B.

Fabulous New Orleans. By Lyle Saxon. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam: The Century Company.

CLOSING this new book by the author of that other glamorous history, "Father Mississippi," one realizes how apt is its title. The story of this city holds perhaps some of the strangest and most picturesque incidents of that of any city in the land. With a background of the Old World and its culture, the scene becomes immediately fascinating to the reader. To open the book at any page is sure to bring to the reader something interesting.

There is, first of all, an account of Mardi Gras as witnessed by the writer when a small boy, in the company of a negro man-servant. All of the grotesquerie and transient tinseled glory of the occasion are captured and one sees the event as it should really be seen: through eyes that are youthful and gratified by frail encorcellements, which even the sombre bells of Ash Wednesday cannot banish from the memory.

The entire story is written with fluidity and graceful humor. There is only one thing to regret: the failure to discover in these pages some mention of the wonderful old dining places and the foods of New Orleans. It is a book well worth having or giving and the illustrations by Mr. Suydam are in keeping with the delightful general tone of the volume.

B. W.

The Romance of Forgotten Men. By John T. Faris: Harper.

IT WAS Carlyle who said that history was the biography of great men. But great men, we discover from the books before us, are not necessarily famous men. Clio is a tricksy jade and for lazy tradition a few names suffice. Mr. Faris has sought out forgotten sources of the stream of American history—the lives of men who never dreamed that our passion for biography would disturb their anonymous slumber. From their dusty sepulchres in old historical libraries he exhumed his forgotten men. The result is a book, admirable in its avoidance of gratuitous conjecture, in which the author never obtrudes but gracefully pieces together his narrative and sources so that the characters speak humbly and quaintly for themselves.

There is the story of John Fitch who really invented the steamboat though school histories with perennial ignorance still attribute it to Fulton. Fitch for all his pains had his requests for funds ignored by Congress, and failing to secure support abroad committed suicide in despair. On his tombstone was inscribed the ironic prophecy that after his death his invention would prosper.

Beautifully told is the story of John Bartram, a poor farmer, who, one day resting under a tree, cast his eyes on a daisy. "I plucked it mechanically and viewed it with more curiosity than common country farmers are wont to do, and observed therein many distinct parts, some perpendicular, some horizontal. 'What a shame!' said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, 'that thee shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth, and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structure and uses.'" Following his vision he abandoned his farm and went to a bookseller in Philadelphia who pityingly gave him a copy of Linnaeus. It was in Latin, of which Bartram knew not a word, but undismayed he applied to a schoolmaster, who, in three months, taught him enough Latin to read Linnaeus. He botanized all over the middle colonies and soon became so well known abroad that almost every ship to England carried some of his plants, trees and insects. His jujube tree planted in 1735 is still green. A gingko tree from Japan, a silver-bell and a cucumber tree still flourish in Bartram's Gardens, once the wonder of Colonial days, but now forgotten relics in an obscure Philadelphia park.

Mr. Faris is the author of a series of romances of forgotten things—forgotten rivers, forgotten towns. This is the sort of thing that would gladden the heart of a Thomas Gray, for it gives obscure people, (without whom civilization were much the poorer), their just if belated due.

W. F.

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"Forgotten Ladies," by Richardson Wright (Lippincott) can scarcely be compared to Forgotten Men either in its content or in its style. There is no good reason why any of the ladies whom it describes should be remembered, although each of these nine, lost in the mists of the American past, was exciting and important while she lived. And Mr. Wright, resurrecting them all for your amusement, has done you a good turn. The book is amusing as well as informative. Mrs. Hale, editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," the table-rapping Fox sisters, Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy, are especially interesting. You'll like the others, too.

"Good Morning America," (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) arouses somewhat mixed emotions. To hear Carl Sandburg on the lecture platform and to understand his interest in American folksongs is to appreciate the poet in the man. His verse alone offers no definite clue to the impulse behind the work. A volume of his poetry is too easily mistaken for a maze of words, a strange union of incongruities, a series of inconsistent thoughts, and a record of unknown emotions.

In truth, Sandburg is a man who sees life as a mysterious instability. *Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment.* He is keenly aware of the physical and mechanical actualities that exist about him; while at heart he is a lover of beauty, restlessly seeking its manifestations in the obscure as well as the apparent corners of the earth. *Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.* His imagination dwells in conflicting moods, partially reconciles the ugly and the beautiful, and failing that pursues the elusive hopes of the future. *Poetry is a shuffling of boxes of illusions buckled with a strap of facts.* Such a vivid and tireless imagination as his reaches beyond the limits of language. Obscure meanings result in his poetry, which after all is but the natural outpouring of his temperament.

With the "Tentative Definitions of Poetry" which preface the present collection, Sandburg explains his rationalizations of tradition, fact and fancy. Nothing in modern poetry bears comparison with these thirty-eight delightful whims of imagination. No poet could write a more eloquent self-justification.

J. D. T.

Better Than Cards or Calendars

If you send hand painted Christmas cards to your friends, or calendars upon which the words of R. L. S. are enshrined amid angels and mistletoe, you might better choose, at least for such of them as may not like the artist's idea of a modernistic manger or care to read an inspirational verse whenever they need to know the day of the month, Modern Library books. They cost ninety-five cents each, and the calendar you get for that will be a flimsy affair. When these books first began to appear, they were pretty hard to read. The paper was marred by zeniths and nadirs

SIR NOODLEBY TRUMPINGTON

Illustration by John Bennett from "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo" (Longmans, Green & Co.)

of thickness; lines rambled off the bottoms of pages; the type faded out in spots like the Cheshire cat's grin; pages seventeen to fifty-two of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" repeated themselves throughout one whole volume to doubly confound confusion. But those things don't happen now. The books are now clearly printed, on decent paper and are bound in what is not, praise be, limp suede although they are flexible and "fit the pocket." The list of titles is too long to give. Your bookshop will have it. The books listed below would replace, to everyone's satisfaction, ten hand painted cards and ten calendars.

Swann's Way By Marcel Proust, translated by F. Scott Moncrieffe: for one who would be in the literary know.

Life of Michaelangelo By John Addington Symonds: for some one whom you want to compliment on his taste, but of the exact direction of whose taste you are ignorant.

Old Calabria By Norman Douglas: for a lover of fine writing, Italy, antique culture, urbanity and wit.

Men, Women and Boats By Stephen Crane: for a man who likes short stories.

The New Spirit By Havelock Ellis: for any one interested in the present-day shifting of social values, but not for Aunt Clarissy Duffus—a calendar will be safer if you want her to go on sending the maple syrup every spring.

Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft By George Gissing: for any who "sit down to the cursed travail of the pen."

Zuleika Dobson By Max Beerbohm: for any one not too literal minded to whom you wish to give a treat.

Tristram Shandy By Laurence Sterne: for Uncle Willie who hasn't seen it for forty years and deserves a laugh himself what with so many copies of "College Humor" lying about.

Dubliners By James Joyce: short stories for any one whom you wish to lead by easy steps—sort of Gradus ad Parnassum—to "Ulysses."

Modern American Poetry Selected by Conrad Aiken: for almost any one, young or old.

Some Chinese Ghosts By Lafcadio Hearn: this makes eleven, and is for us in case you thought of sending us a card.

And there are about a hundred and forty other titles. Every book has an appreciative introduction by some contemporary critic, distinguished or at least well-known. So that your friend, receiving your gift will be provided not only with an excellent book but with an excellent opinion about it. And that puts the finishing touch on your Christmas present—the sprig of holly tucked within the scarlet bow.

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

A READING of Norman Foerster's "American Criticism: Literary Theory from Poe to the Present" (Houghton, Mifflin) a few months ago has made me turn with some curiosity to a volume under his editorship entitled "The Reinterpretation of American Literature" (Harcourt, Brace). The nine chapters in this book are the work of the American literature group of the Modern Language Association, and are composed as follows: "A Call for a Literary Historian," by Fred Lewis Pattee, "Factors in American Literary History," by Norman Foerster, "The Frontier," by Jay B. Hubbell, "The European Background," by Howard Mumford Jones, "The Puritan Tradition," by Kenneth B. Murdock, "The Romantic Movement," by Paul Kaufman, "The Development of Realism," by Vernon Louis Parrington, "American History and American Literary History," by A. M. Schlesinger, "American Literary History and American Literature," by Harry Hayden Clark.

It is the contention of these writers that American scholarship has not taken American literature seriously, that the methods of study are inadequate when not downright absurd, and that there is not even one good history of American literature. Nine essential approaches to a solution of the problem are suggested in the chapters I have named. The gist of these proposals is that thorough documentation concerning the major figures in American literature is badly needed, for at present they are largely myths created by their official biographers; that the literary history of America cannot be isolated from the intellectual and political history of Europe during the periods concerned; that it is impossible to understand the literary development of this country without the closest reference to the religious, economic, political, social and intellectual development of the United States as a whole.

Not very startling proposals these, but the authors are satisfied that no scholar has so far succeeded in adapting them to the needs of the student of American literature. Each of them, therefore, in his special field has outlined the manner in which the various elements involved in the study of American literature should be combined. The work which they have in mind should be, as Professor Pattee suggests, "A Literary History of the American People." It should not be provincial, pedantic or timid; it must be well written and scholarly; it should combine a deep sense of Americanism with a cosmopolitan feeling for the inter-relation of Europe and the United States.

As one who has always had an appetite for the literary history of several countries, has consumed vast quantities of that often stodgy commodity, and has even essayed a contribution to the literary history of his own country, I have meditated with some pleasure upon the suggestions of these learned men. With most of their adverse criticisms I agree, although I still feel, as I have often felt when this subject is under discussion, that Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America" is an under-estimated work. I cannot think of many books of the kind by European scholars which are better, and few that are as good. It is now out of date to a large extent, but I do not think that its usefulness or its perspective are seriously challenged by calling it "A Literary History of Harvard University, with Incidental Glimpses of the Minor Writers of America."

A FIRST-CLASS history, whether literary or otherwise, whether American or European, is as rare as any other work of the first class. If any country in the world is fortunate enough to possess the ideal history which these gentlemen propose, I wish they would tell us where it is and the title of the work in question. What, after all, are the existing classical or standard literary histories, and how many of them are there? Taine's "English Literature" is an obvious example. It is a work which fulfills in many respects the requirements laid down by this Modern Language Association group. But, does it present a clearer picture of the literary history of England than many a less pretentious work? In France we are all familiar with the names of Faguet, Brunetière and Lanson. Are they superior to Saintsbury and Gosse in England? It is true, they have never been exposed and denounced for bad writing and inade-

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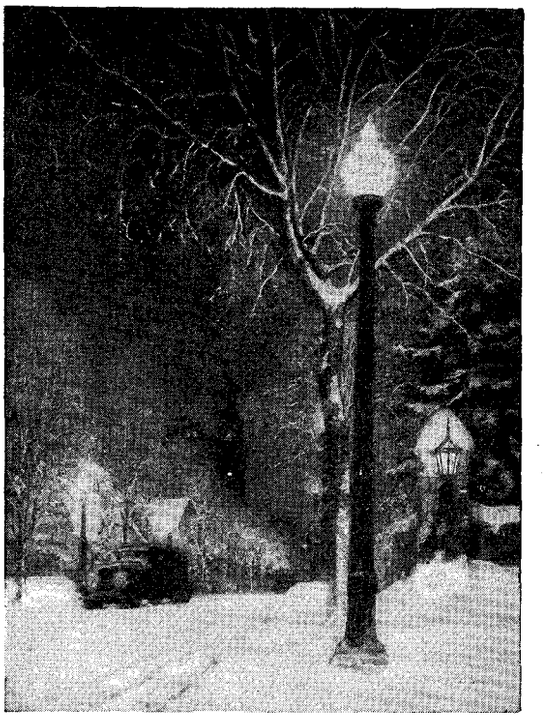
quate scholarship as their English colleagues were exposed by Professor Churchton Collins. Their phobias and obsessions, however, were notorious, and their histories of French literature suffer accordingly, but are accorded, none the less, the honors of standard works.

Professor Pattee declares that the ideal history "must be written primarily as a history, with no thought of class-room use. If professors *can* use it as a textbook let them, but it must be as detached from class-room thinking as is D. H. Lawrence's amazing volume." On the other hand, Professor Foerster insists that "to the problems of criticism the American scholar cannot afford to be indifferent, and for two reasons: first, because, in his capacity as a teacher of college youth, he is compelled to decide what literature deserves attention on esthetic as well as historical grounds; and, secondly, because, in his capacity as literary historian, he cannot fulfill the whole of his task unless he seeks to account for the success of literary works in so far as this success is the result of their esthetic qualities."

So long as the fatal consciousness of being a "teacher of college youth" weighs upon the mind of the literary historian, so long will this ideal literary history of the American people remain unwritten. His ambition must be made of sterner stuff. What is literature to college youth or college youth to literature? If we were not inured to the preposterous claims of popular educators we might long since have asked ourselves if anything could be more ridiculous than "teaching" literature. The best, in fact, the only thing that can usefully be done for any college youth who is interested in literature is to place books within his reach, and leave the rest to fate. The "ideal" history would have an even chance presumably with other, inferior ones of impressing the student. But it would hardly be safe to wager that the odds upon it should be placed any higher.

The simplest handbook will put an eager young reader on the right track, while the most cultivated and cultured professor of literature cannot do more than cause the majority of his pupils to resolve never to read anything but the market reports and an occasional best-seller. A really first-rate literary history would be appreciated only by the initiated, including an occasional college youth, provided the latter had emerged from the state which that term implies.

Lights that lead to Homes



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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

John Kettelwell's Aladdin
Knopf

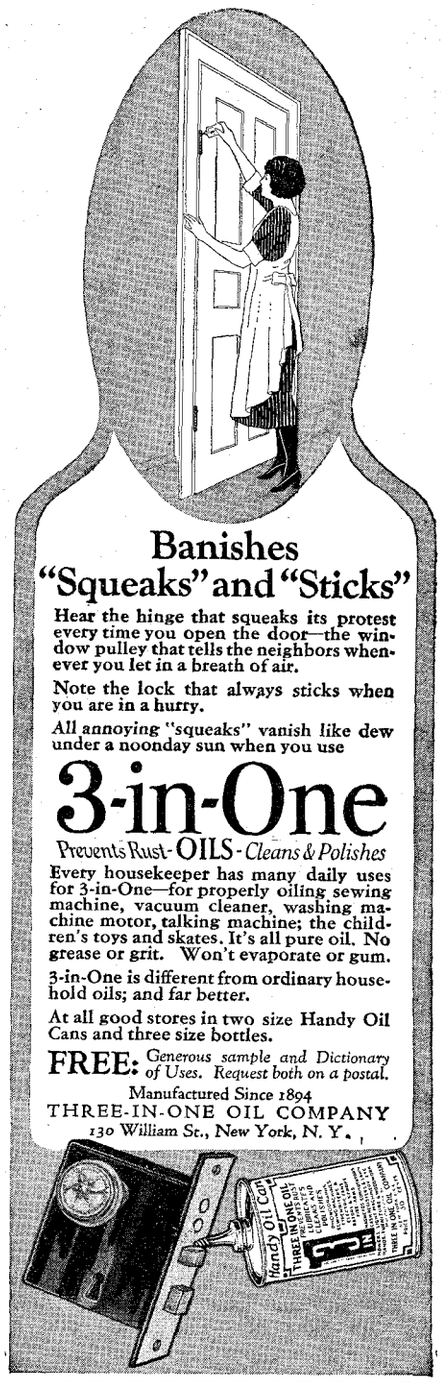
This is the old story from the "Arabian Nights," retold and illustrated by Mr. Kettelwell, and he does both very interestingly. The telling has something of the involved and Orientally flowery quality that distinguishes Ernest Bramah's tales of the itinerant story teller, Kai Lung, which we much admire. The drawings are in the Beardsley tradition, with their use of fine line in combination with heavy massed blacks, but have a fantastic quality which is all their own. We also think a good word should be said for the paper and the binding. In short, a good book to give for Christmas to anyone who likes nice things.

Denmark's Best Stories
Norton

This, with the two companion volumes of Swedish and Norwegian stories, will give the reader a good view of the to us imperfectly known literature of Scandinavia. Of the Danish authors represented here, Hans Christian Andersen of course we know. Jacobsen, Bang, Pontoppidan, Nexo and Johannes V. Jensen have we believe appeared in translation, but Blicher, Goldschmidt, Schandorph, Drachmann, Wied and Gunnarsson are entirely new to us. All of these writers have of course been affected more or less by outside influences in their work, but there are certain peculiar elements in the Scandinavian tradition which give it a style and flavor of its own, and make it well worth sampling.

William J. Locke's Joshua's Vision
Dodd Mead

Jacob, in his roaring forties, got sick of making shoes and money. So, having once in his school days taken a course in drawing, he abandons the shoes—but not the money—and goes in for Art In a Serious Way. And there's a model, and he falls in love with her—but she, having (quite justifiably) the murder of a step-father on her conscience, refuses him. Why? Well, if she hadn't, the story would have ended too soon. And what, you ask, is too soon for a story of Mr. Locke's to end? Well, we can't answer that one. Although this is a fairly well written story, at that, though not so whimsical as Mr. Locke can be at both his best and his worst, and it has leaped rapidly to best-sellerdom.



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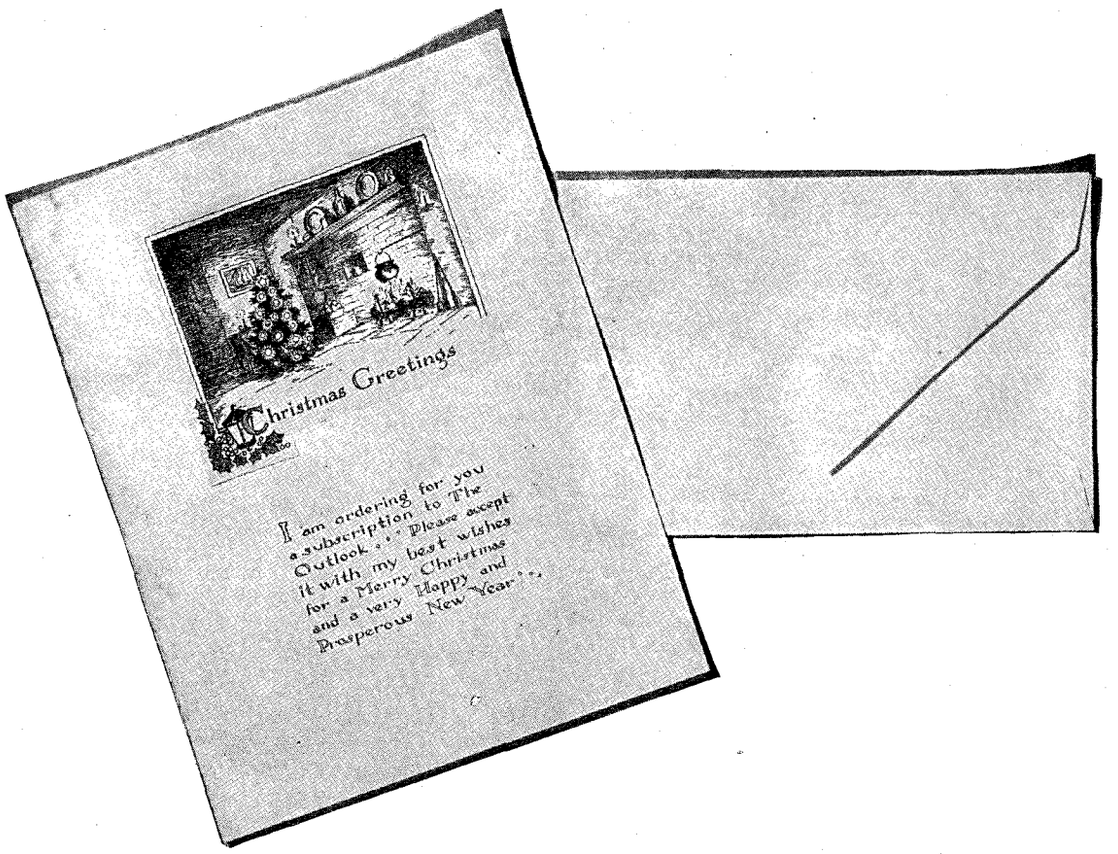
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What Next in America?

(*Continued from Page 1349*)

been derived in part from high wages, in part from profits and in part from a state of mind. People have been made to believe that they are insuring their own and the country's prosperity by spending and no saving. They have been told that we are in a new world, that the old economic laws no longer hold good, that prosperity will go on forever in an ever-swelling stream. But suppose something happens. It may be any of several things. The mass-production experts tell us that we can so accurately match consumption and production that there will never again be mal-adjustment, though they admit that if this adjustment fails for lack of knowledge or judgment, the result will be disastrous. There are no signs yet of our having developed such superhuman business intelligence. The doctors are disagreeing most unfortunately at this moment as to just where we are. The Secretary of the Treasury tells us the colossal loans for speculation are nothing to worry about, but the Federal Reserve Bank, the American Bankers Association, the Investment Bankers Association and many of the leading banks in the country tell quite a different story. If the country finds that it cannot absorb the continuing flow of motor cars produced at the rate of a thousand a day in one plant alone, or some of the other commodities produced in endless flow, the old time "overproduction" with its attendant downfall of the business structure may be on us in a frightfully accented form.

Or, again, the stock market may have a crash and the millions of speculators, big and little, receive such a shock and suffer such losses as might reduce their ability and desire to purchase anything but necessities for many a year to come. Confidence once shaken, we know from human nature and past experience what may follow. It is as foolish to say, as Moody does today, that we can never have a panic of 1907 or a depression of 1920 again as it is to say that because of modern safety devices we can never have a subway accident or a Vestris sinking. The human element is persistent. National business is now on such a colossal scale and is so delicately adjusted that given any great shock to consuming power or even consuming *desire* for luxuries only, a cataclysm of the first magnitude would result. Our prosperity today is based largely on the industries which cater to man's taste for luxuries and toys, and when finan-

(*Please Turn to Page 1382*)

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Moonshiners

(Continued from Page 1352)

After ripe deliberation the defenders opened fire. They splattered lead on every side of the law. They splintered tree limbs, smashed rocks and grazed scalps. The law enforcers thereupon took out through the bushes, but they lost nothing except their dignity and incidental burdens. And any one who thinks that all this missing of marks on the part of the moonshiners was accidental, does not know as much about moonshiners as he should.

I know another moonshiner, a swashbuckling old fellow, who has come down from the caves to while away his mellower years in a mud-chinked cabin. He keeps a keg of liquor buried beside his woodpile. A quill runs down into the bung of the keg. Accordingly when wood-chopping time comes he intersperses his labors with rare snorts of crystal-clear corn liquor.

But not even his graying hair and his life-long reputation for never a bad gallon could save this dear old gentleman from the bile of suspicion. One day a prohibition officer dropped by and demanded that he be let search the premises. The gentleman made no protest. The officer turned the cabin inside out and yet he could find no dribble of incriminating evidence. The tolerating host strolled out after an armful of firewood. When he returned, his breath bore the aroma of a well-seasoned illegality. The prohibitioner spent the rest of that day and all the next at observation. Repeatedly the up-countryman, on coming in from the woodpile, took special pains that the investigator should not be unaware of his breath.

Finally the arm of the law blundered on to investigating the woodpile. In the evening after chore time he prowled out into the moonlight and searched. Not once did he run upon the source of the aroma. The enforcer probably does not yet know that his failure to find what he was looking for was very probably the luckiest oversight of his life. For the fact was that the up-country gentleman was looking on through a chink hole in the cabin wall; sitting in a split-bottomed easy chair, he was, fondling a rifle with a barrel close on to six feet long. Had the arm of the law ever blundered on the quill his reward would have been a thumb-sized portion of lead through the solar plexus and subsequently transportation over the edge of the first convenient bluff.

"No, suh, if that punkin-roller had a-stumbled on that quill, they jest wouldn't a been nothin' else to do."

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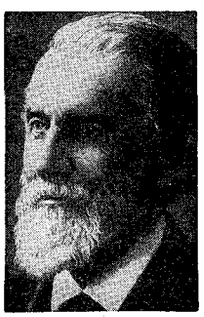

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What Next in America?

(*Continued from Page 1380*)

cial fear develops the first thing men do is to stop buying luxuries. The spot first to be attacked would thus be the one at which our present prosperity centers.

To cut stock prices down to even the level of last year, (and business is little if any, better than last year), would be to destroy about ten billions of paper profits. With every advance in the insane orgy there is more and more danger that the fall in the market may bring down more than itself and its immediate followers in the ensuing dislocation of credit. No one can predict just how and when such a crash may come. But as one studies the situation more and more, the clearer appears the basic fact that "prosperity" at present stems back mainly to certain mass production industries that have brought about the present consuming power of the nation by high wages but that those very industries are being attacked by an insidious disease in their own vitals; and that upon the prosperity of those industries has been built up a legend of general prosperity and a growth of inflated credit that is the greatest the world has ever seen. The question is, how long can those industries fight against the disease—high selling costs and consumers' fatigue—that is sapping their own strength, and carry the load of the maladjusted classes, the major industries that are not prospering, the maladjusted plants in the prosperous industries, and the inflated mass of credit in Wall Street and throughout the Nation?

And if we awake from what may have proved to be a fool's paradise, what will be the attitude of our newly enriched laboring classes and others who have been led by almost all the authorities from the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury down to believe that all was safe and sound? Taught by the high wages of the war a love for the luxuries they had only dreamed of before, and then taught again by industrial leaders since the war that there would be no end to their prosperity and that they could safely buy anything for which they had the price of one installment, will they submit tamely to the crash of all their hopes and the ruin of their new found standard of living?

In the past few years we have built up not merely a temporary prosperity. We have inculcated by every possible device a new philosophy of life, a philosophy of spending which has transformed life for tens of millions of the American people. They had been moderately content before but we have given them a scale of living beyond their wildest dreams of twenty years ago and have told them that it is to be permanent, that nothing can interfere with it, and that America has changed the world. We have done this because we have believed in the lasting efficacy of the high wage, mass-production theory. That theory is only a few years old. Its future is not as unclouded as it was two years ago. The difficulty that confronts it, the cost of marketing an ever increasing stream of standardized goods, is not a minor one, not a mere operating problem. It is more of the nature of something inherent in the mass-production idea itself, an inevitable consequence of the production of any particular line of goods beyond a point. If mass-production, as a means of unceasingly increasing wages, breaks down, what next?

In the first place we may note that the crash would not be a mere business affair, however serious, such as the panic of 1837, when half the property of the United States was said to have changed hands, or those of 1857 or 1873 or 1907. It would be a ruthless and terrifying awakening from the marvelous dream in which the whole Nation has been living. It would be a colossal psychological disaster. We have been dreaming of a new world in which prosperity was to be without break, poverty soon to be abolished.

IT IS PROBABLE, however, that if we carry over the first shock of bad times without too serious social disturbance, the results might not be wholly disastrous. For one thing whole classes such as those mentioned above and others would stand a better chance of becoming adjusted to the wage and price scales of what has become our mass production level. Those scales would not be permanently lost, any more than the increased wage scale following any sudden advance due to war or other causes has been lost in the past. To that extent, labor would have made a permanent gain transcending the temporary bad times, and when the old laws of saving and re-accumulation of capital had had a chance to work, new industries might develop which would have the entire national market to supply with highly desired new goods and replace those which had come down to the level of the "replacement-increased population" demand noted above. These new industries could then, per-

(*Please Turn to Page 1384*)

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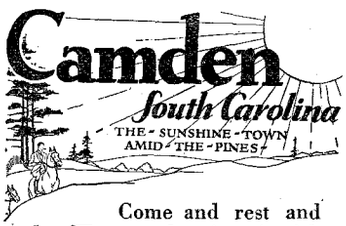

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What Next in America?

(Continued from Page 1382)

haps, operate on the high wage, mass production theory and a new cycle would begin.

Meanwhile, the greatest gain, the theory that as high wages as can be paid are as essential to the producer as they are desirable for the wage earner would have entered our economic theory for good and all, and the wage earner would be permanently benefitted by that fact. The quickness with which recovery could be made would probably depend on the character of the new industries to be developed. Much of the extraordinary economic advance of the past few years has been due to the tremendously wide-reaching appeal of the motor car, (the greatest of mass production industries); the tremendous influence that industry has had on those supplying it, such as steel; and the influence it has exerted by the use of its products, such as the building of roads, the readjustment of urban and country living conditions, the rise of whole new businesses depending on the motorist at home or on tour.

There may be another invention similar to that in store for us. In any case, the high-wage, mass production theory will remain. It may be that it will be found applicable for any given industry only up to a certain point of consumption but with the steady march of invention we may expect constantly to see new wants satisfied and any national "want" will bring into play mass production and high wages within the industry supplying it in its early stages. What we thus have to face is the fact that we have found the key to a permanent prosperity; that cycles of business will still continue; and that the same man will prepare for them by exercise of prudence and thrift as in the old days. The hopeful element in the situation is the change in attitude toward the wage fund, the understanding of what high wages, *when possible*, can do for producer as well as wage earner, and the prospect of a rising standard of living in the long run even if interrupted by set backs. What should be most emphatically protested against, however, is the teaching that there will never again be set backs, that there is no need for thrift, and that debt can be contracted with entire recklessness. That can only intensify both the misery of bad times and create a psychological situation which might easily run into social revolution when the people awoke to the deception or ignorance of their leaders.

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